



1 CREEPY

PDC

CREEPY
OCTOBER
17



**HAUNTED FEAR AND
SHEER TERROR ILLUSTRATED!**

40c



...AND NOW A FEW WORDS ABOUT WEREWOLVES! DREDGED UP FROM
CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

AS YOU KNOW, SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE WEREWOLVES, AND IF ANY OF YOU MONSTERS THINK THEY DON'T EXIST OUTSIDE THIS DUNGEON... WELL... READ ON!

MAN'S ASSUMING A WOLF-LIKE STATE GOES BACK TO THE DAWN OF TIME, WHEN PREHISTORIC MAN FOUND IT NECESSARY TO BAND INTO WOLF PACKS TO HUNT GAME... AND SOMETIMES EACH OTHER!



WEREWOLF LEGENDS SPREAD AMONG ANCIENT NORSEMEN BECAUSE OF **BERSERKERS!** FIERCE WARRIORS WHO CHARGED INTO BATTLE LIKE MADMEN, HIDEOUSLY GARBED IN WOLF PELTS!



THE WILD COASTS OF MEDIEVAL SCOTLAND WERE TERRORIZED BY THE BEANE CLAN, A FAMILY LIVING LIKE WOLVES IN A CAVE, WHO PRACTICED CANNIBALISM, AND ROBBED AND KILLED NEARLY A THOUSAND VICTIMS.



FAR LATER, IN FRANCE, A YOUNG HERDS-MAN, JEAN GRENIER, CLAIMED THE FULL MOON TRANSFORMED HIM INTO A MAN-EATING WOLF, WITH OVER FIFTY PEOPLE DEAD BY HIS HANDS, AUTHORITIES WERE INCLINED TO AGREE.



NOW, WITH MENTAL INSTITUTIONS AND PSYCHO-ANALYSIS, CASES ARE MORE RARE. YET, A FULL MOON INEVITABLY SIGNALS A RISE IN CRIME AND MAYHEM! COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS... BUT WHEN THE FULL MOON BEAMS, PICK YOUR COMPANY WITH CARE!



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CREEPY

NO. 17 - OCTOBER 1967

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



Issue #16 is the best since issue #11 Frazetta's cover was the best he's ever done. And my favorite story was ANGEL OF DOOM. Art was superb! Hope you have stories about Thane more often. What would be really nice, have Thane in his own magazine with Mr. Jones doing all the art except for the cover, and of course Frazetta would do this. This would be an excellent magazine I think would sell well.

Steven Curtis
Kirksville, Missouri

I really enjoy your CREEPY magazines. I like to go into a dark place and read them. I read your Fan Mail and think about how much people criticize your writing. I think you are great. You have perfect stories that fit the title of your magazine. Your drawings are the most. I have nothing more to say than I love your magazines.

Debbie Maddox
Jefferson City, Mo.

HaHahahahaha! I'm sorry but I must laugh. As you know by now, you goofed. We aren't all perfect like me, but when you take one of Frazetta's greatest covers and give credit to Gray Morrow (another great artist) on the contents page, you ought to be put on a rack and let Frazetta turn the crank.

Terry Gonzales
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Well, you see, Terry, back in issue #12 we had a cover by Morrow and gave credit to Frazetta for it on the contents page. So, it's only natural that we have to make up for it by giving Gray credit for one of Frank's jobs—UC

The first CREEPY I ever read was #16. I find that it was very good. It was so good that I find it is hard to choose the one story that I liked best. In fact, all seven of them were very good. I find the art by Steve Ditko was just perfect. Also I find the script by Clark Dimond and Terry Bisson very good in the story THE SANDS THAT CHANGE. I also find the story called THE FRANKENSTEIN TRADITION pleasing. The art by Rocco Mastrosiero and the script by Archie Goodwin are both very sharp. In the story called ANGEL OF DOOM, the art by Jeff Jones was just great. Keep doing the good work on all your CREEPYs.

Jose Barrios
New Orleans, La.

We think you have a great magazine. We probably would not have known about it if it hadn't been for the Editor's mother. She introduced it to us while we were visiting in her town. You see, we're proud because for 10 years we lived in the house in back of Archie Goodwin's. His mother and father are great friends of ours. If you don't believe me, ask Archie. He might not remember us now, but we certainly remember him. We think he writes great. Naturally, Clark Dimond and Terry Bisson, and all the artists are great, too. The whole mag is just out of this world. Keep up the gory work and we and thousands of other fans will always buy them.

Paulette and Krista
Seigle
Houston, Texas

All right, Goodwin! No near nepotism in my letters column! I have scruples, you know (Hope that doesn't shock any of my real fans!)—UC

Jeff Jones better become a member of your artist staff—that's all there is to it. ANGEL OF DOOM was one of the best drawn stories I've ever seen, to put it lightly.

THE CURSE OF CLAWS had a fine story and good art. I like jungle horror because it's always different. FROZEN FEAR was just mediocre. Stories based on the old "return from the dead" theme somehow just don't hit the spot with me. ANGEL OF DOOM's art I already told you about, and the story was great too. I don't know where Mr. Goodwin gets all the crazy ideas for his stories, but I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. THE FRANKENSTEIN TRADITION had sort of an easy to guess ending, but I like it anyway. Mastrosiero's art too was very good. THERE WAS AN OLD LADY was excellent plotwise, but the art just didn't come to pass. HAUNTED CASTLE

ATTENTION: FIENDISH FANS!

Are you having trouble finding CREEPY at your newsstand? Gnashing your fangs because you find the last copy sold out? Do friends keep clawing you because they can't get their own copies in their neighborhood?

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wasn't good at all, I'm afraid. THE SANDS THAT CHANGE was, to tell the truth, amusing. I loved the art though.

Joseph A. Pallatti
Cranston, Rhode Island

Rest easy, Joe. We intend to keep using Jeff as often as possible—UC

The cover by Mr. Frazetta was the best I've ever seen on CREEPY. LOATHSOME LORE was good and the art by Gil Kane was great. A CURSE OF CLAWS was a fair story though the art was not up to the high standard Mr. Adams usually produces. FROZEN FEAR was great! The art by Reed Crandall was supreme, the story excellent. Have Mr. Crandall do all the stories containing characters like Ragnar; the living corpse kind, I mean. ANGEL OF DOOM was a very good story. The art by Jeff Jones was excellent; it's a combination of Mr. Ditko's and Mr. Adkin's. The fan who suggested a series of Thane stories gets my vote. I think Thane's a great character. THE FRANKENSTEIN TRADITION was very good, and the art by Rocco Mastrosiero was, to say the least, excellent. Sal Trapani's art on THERE WAS AN OLD LADY was much better than the art he does for some other magazines. HAUNTED CASTLE was one of the best in the whole issue. The ending was very clever. Donald Norman's art was very good. Why don't you use him more often? THE SANDS THAT CHANGE was far from the best story in the issue. The only reason I liked it was because of Steve Ditko's art.

Billy Fischer
Ashdown, Arkansas

For more of Donald Norman's work, Billy, try HERITAGE OF HORROR on page 27—UC

Every time I get my issue of CREEPY, I spend about a

quarter of an hour just admiring the cover art. Frazetta's cover on #16 is definitely one of his best, and the horror was sleek and subtle. You could even have had a "count the cats" competition based on it!

Now coming to the contents, I have always thought your magazine worth that little extra because of its outstanding art and stories. The art has always been excellent, but the stories sometimes have a tendency to slip into the dime magazine quality and I hope you will take greater care in the future about the quality of stories that go into CREEPY. ANGEL OF DOOM and THE FRANKENSTEIN TRADITION were the only ones which came up to standard, both were tops in all respects. Jeff Jones is definitely on the way to becoming one of your top artists if he isn't one already. A CURSE OF CLAWS was good in both story and art, but I had a feeling that the horror of the theme hadn't been exploited to the fullest extent. The plots of FROZEN FEAR, THERE WAS AN OLD LADY, and HAUNTED CASTLE were the usual run-of-the-mill stuff found in dime magazines. THE SANDS THAT CHANGE was a whole load of rubbish, and the only redeeming feature was the shock ending. By the way, let Daniel Bubacz, Clark Dimond, Terry Bisson and the other scriptwriters try a few more stories—Archie Goodwin is being overworked.

V. Chandran
Birmingham, England

You'll probably be seeing more of these writers as well as other new writers in the future, Mr. Chandran, along with stories by Ghoulsh Goodwin—UC

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to:
CREEPY LETTERS, Dept. 17
301 East 47 Street
New York, New York 10017

BRAZIL! THE SMALL SEAPORT OF CHAVEZ NESTLES AT THE JUNCTURE WHERE THE MIGHTY AMAZON RIVER EMPTIES INTO THE ATLANTIC ...IN THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE, THE SOUND OF DRUMS ARE OFTEN HEARD, FOR THE LOCAL NATIVES PRACTICE **VOODOO**, AND MANY SAY, ON THE RIGHT NIGHT, YOU CAN SEE THE CULT PRIEST TURN DEAD CORPSES INTO...

ZOMBIES!

IT'S **TRUE!** THE PRIEST CAN COMMAND THE DEAD!

BOOM! Imba BOOM! Imba BO

CORPSES ARISING AS **ZOMBIE** SLAVES! MY READERS'LL LOVE IT!

HARRIS, YOU FOOL! I SAID **NO PICTURES!** THEY'LL...



THE FIERCE, PAGAN DRUMMING STOPPED MIDBEAT AS THE AREA FLARED WITH THE BLINDING LIGHT OF THE FLASHBULB...

MY GOD! THEY'VE SEEN US!



ROCKE

THE TWO MEN RAN FOR THEIR LIVES, THE ANGRY CRIES OF THE INDIANS FILLING THE NIGHT BEHIND THEM... INDIANS WHO WOULD SHOW NO MERCY TO PROFANERS OF THE VODOO RITUAL!



MY LEG! **MY LEG!** HARRIS, COME BACK! **HELP ME!** THEY'LL **KILL ME!**

HARRIS'S FEAR-DRIVEN FEET RACED ON... NOTHING WOULD MAKE HIM TURN BACK... NOT EVEN THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS OF HIS GUIDE CARGILL!

NOTHING WOULD MAKE HIM STOP RUNNING... NOT EVEN WHEN HE HAD REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHAVEZ...

TOO BAD... ABOUT CARGILL... BUT IT WAS... EVERY MAN FOR... HIMSELF! 'LEAST I GOT... THE PICTURES FOR... STORY!



NOT UNTIL HE COLLAPSED WITH POUNDING HEART AND LUNGS SCREAMING FOR AIR IN THE SAFETY OF HIS HOTEL ROOM...



TOTAL EXHAUSTION SENT HARRIS INTO AN IMMEDIATE DEEP SLEEP, WHICH WAS DISTURBED MUCH LATER BY A RATTLING SOUND....

HARRIS SPRANG FROM THE BED, READY, AS THE DOOR PUSHED SLOWLY OPEN...

THE DOOR! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO GET IN...



CARGILL! YOU GOT AWAY! BUT... ALL THAT BLOOD! WHAT DID THEY...



THE REPORTER SHRANK IN HORROR AS THE ADVANCING CARGILL PULLED OPEN HIS BLOOD-STAINED SHIRTFRONT...

THEY CUT OUT... MY... HEART...

YOU... YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! THEY MADE YOU A... A ZOMBIE!



STAY BACK! STAY BACK!

BAM
BLAM



THEY... WANT YOU... HARRIS! I MUST... BRING YOU... BACK...

N-NOOOO!



HARRIS PICKED HIMSELF UP, CUT AND BLEEDING FROM THE SHATTERED GLASS... SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE CAME THE SOUND OF A PERSISTANT DRUMBEAT...



THEY'RE STILL FOLLOWING!
TRYING TO DRIVE ME TOWARD
THE INDIAN CAMP...CAN'T LET
'EM DO IT! GOTTA KEEP
MOVING AWAY FROM THE
SOUND OF THE DRUMS!



VAMPIRES CAN'T STAND SUNLIGHT...
WEREWOLVES ARE KILLED WITH
SILVER BULLETS... ZOMBIES
MUST HAVE A WEAKNESS!
WHAT? I'M SURE I MUST
HAVE HEARD...



HARRIS PAUSED SUDDENLY IN
HIS DESPERATE FLIGHT... THE
EARLY MORNING SUNLIGHT
BATTERED ITS WAY THROUGH
THE JUNGLE DENSENESS...
AHEAD WAS ANOTHER SOUND,
FAR DIFFERENT THAN THE
THROBBING DRUMS... THE
SOUND OF WATER CRASHING
ON SAND...

THE OCEAN! I'VE BEEN
RUNNING TOWARD THE COAST!



OCEAN?... THAT'S IT!
I REMEMBER FROM MY
RESEARCH BEFORE
COMING DOWN HERE...

WHEN A ZOMBIE CONSUMES
SALT, HE COMES TO HIS
SENSES... TURNS AGAINST
THE VODOO PRIEST WHO
COMMANDS HIM...



... AND I'VE GOT A OCEANFUL
OF SALTWATER!





HARRIS WADED OUT TO THE NEAREST OF THE ROCKS... ON THE BEACH BEHIND HIM, THE MINDLESS, SHUFFLING THINGS STILL FOLLOWED...

WATER'S ALMOST UP TO MY HEAD OUT HERE... SHOULD BE ENOUGH...



THAT'S RIGHT... **THAT'S RIGHT!** KEEP ON COMING! SOAK UP THAT NICE **SALTWATER** INTO YOUR PORES!



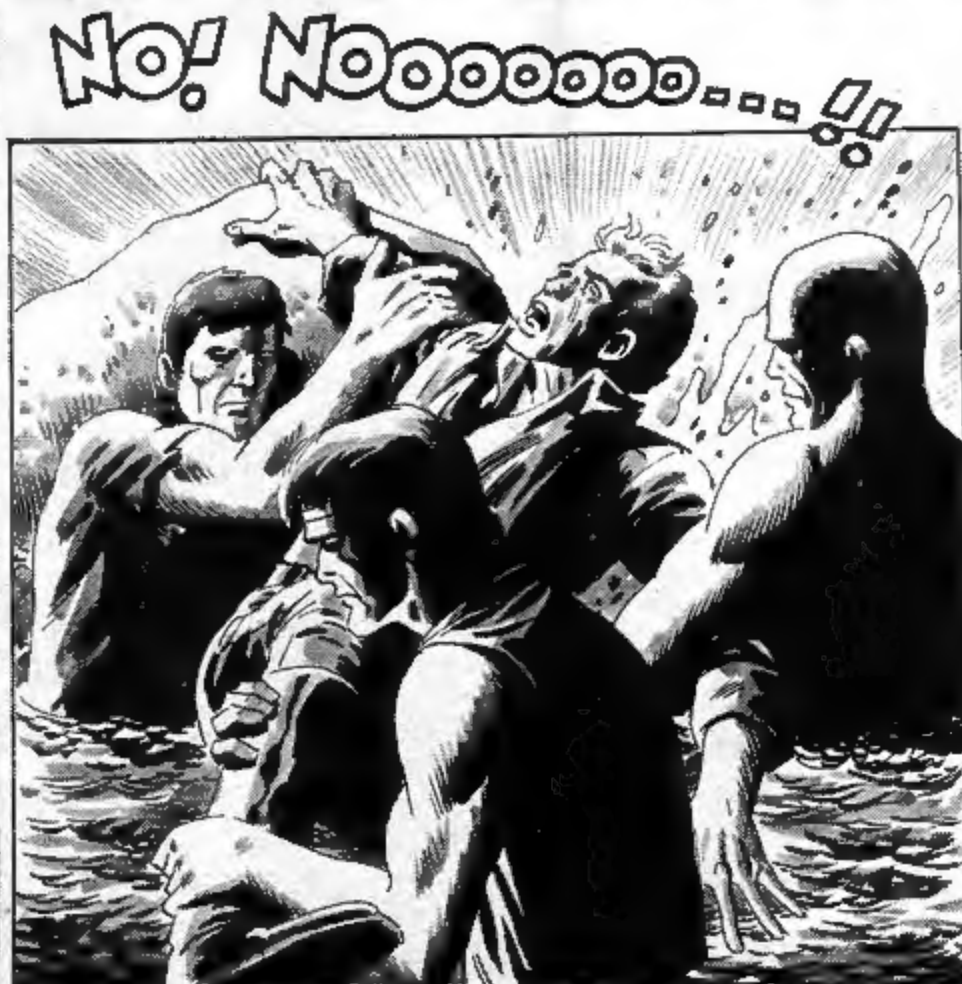
WHY ISN'T IT WORKING? WHY DOESN'T IT TAKE EFFECT?



NO! NO! YOU CAN'T... IT SHOULD HAVE WORKED... **NO!**



3 TRUGGLING IN THE IRON GRIP OF THE UNDEAD CREATURES, HARRIS AT LAST REALIZED HIS MISTAKE... HE HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE AMAZON! THE LARGEST RIVER IN THE WORLD... WHOSE SWIFT DRIVING CURRENTS PUSH AND FLOW FROM ITS MOUTH INTO THE OCEAN FOR **MILES**... SWIFT DRIVING CURRENTS OF **FRESH RIVER WATER!!**

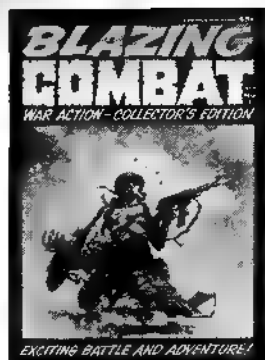


NO! Nooooooooooooo!!!

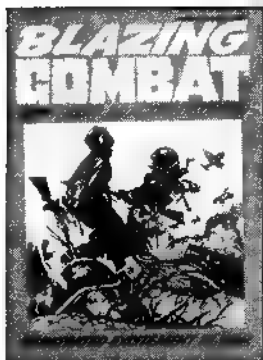


HOPE YOU SOAKED UP ALL THE INFORMATION IN THIS **SALTY TALE** ALONG WITH HARRIS... HEH, HEH! WHEN THE VODOO PRIEST GOT THROUGH WITH HIM, HE REALLY HAD THE **INSIDE STORY** ON ZOMBIES, BUT IT LEFT HIM RATHER **HEARTLESS!** NOW SEE HOW MY NEXT **FEAR FABLE** LEAVES YOU...

NOW! GET THESE ACTION COMIC COLLECTOR'S ITEMS!!



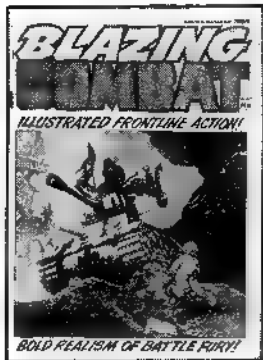
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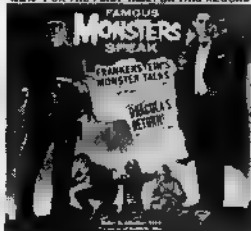
Here's my dollar for a lifetime membership in the most ghoulishly great fan club going, which entitles me to a big 3" club pin, membership card with my own personal number, and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, UNCLE CREEPY!

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THAT'S MY BROTHER JOHNNY LAYIN' THERE --
WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM? DON'T ASK ME HOW
HE ENDED UP LIKE THIS. I COULD TELL YOU,
BUT YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE ME! NOT
UNLESS YOU HEARD THE WHOLE STORY...



WONDERING WHY I'M HERE, RABID READERS? I'VE SNEAKED INTO
CREEPY'S RAG AS GUEST GHOUL TO BRING YOU THIS WEIRD WESTERN OF..

THUNDERING TERROR!

I WAS BACK IN '66, RIGHT AFTER THE WAR, THAT I WATCHED MY BROTHER TURN
INTO A KILLER. THE RAILROAD HIRED JOHNNY AND ME AS HUNTERS. IT WAS EASY
WORK-- SMILEY WOULD SPOOK THE CRITTERS AND THERE WAS SO MANY IT'D
SOMETIMES TAKE A DAY FOR 'EM TO PASS BY. JOHNNY AND I'D SHOOT JUST
ENOUGH TO FEED THE CREW AND LET THE REST GO... AT LEAST AT FIRST...

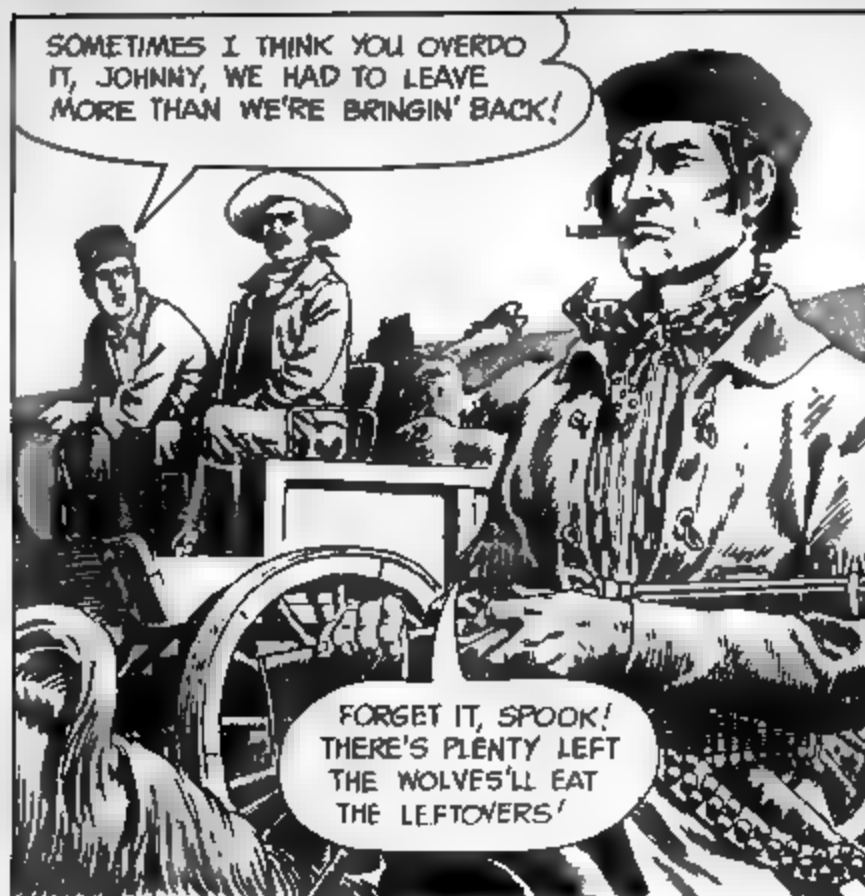
GOOD JOB, SMILEY!

YOU SURE SPOOKED 'EM!
THEY'RE REALLY RUNNIN'!

I JUST WANTED TO GET A GRUBSTAKE TO
BUY A SPREAD, BUT JOHNNY LIKED THE
JOB... LIKED IT TOO MUCH!

DON'T YOU THINK WE'VE
KILLED ENOUGH, JOHNNY?

NO! NOT YET... NOT
WHILE THEY'RE STILL
RUNNIN'!



I WAS BEGINNIN' TO WORRY ABOUT JOHNNY. THEY SAY KILLIN' SOMETIMES DOES FUNNY THINGS TO A MAN...



A WEEK LATER WE CAME ACROSS THE BIGGEST HERD I EVER SAW... THEY SOUNDED LIKE A THUNDERSTORM! OUR RIFLE BARRELS GOT RED HOT FROM FIRIN', BUT THEY STILL KEPT ACOMIN'!



WHEN SMILEY COULDN'T STAND IT NO MORE, HE GRABBED FOR THE RIFLE. JOHNNY SEEMED TO GO A LITTLE CRAZY...





AFTER THE HERD WAS GONE, WE WENT DOWN AND LOOKED AT WHAT WAS LEFT OF SMILEY...



FEELING SICK TO MY STOMACH, I PICKED UP SMILEY'S REMAINS, BUT, JOHNNY DIDN'T SEEM CONCERNED. WHAT COULD I SAY? AFTER ALL, HE **WAS** MY BROTHER...



WE TOLD PEOPLE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, AND IN ITS OWN WAY, I SUPPOSE IT WAS. NOBODY CARED. SMILEY WAS JUST A SPOOK; HE WAS REPLACEABLE. BUT I'D LOST MY TASTE FOR KILLING, SO JOHNNY AND I PARTED COMPANY...



I DRIFTED FROM JOB TO JOB AFTER THAT, NONE OF 'EM TOO FAR FROM THE RAILROAD. TEN OR SO YEARS WENT BY AND I GOT BETTER JOBS, BUT I COULDN'T FORGET WHAT HAD HAPPENED. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, I SAW JOHNNY. HE WAS STILL KILLIN' BUFFALO, SO WE NEVER HAD MUCH TO SAY...



WAR CAME WITH THE INDIANS, BUT I DIDN'T FIGHT. I HAD OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND..



JOHNNY DIDN'T FIGHT INDIANS EITHER, BUT HE HAD HIS OWN REASONS...



THE INDIAN TROUBLE ENDED, AND THE RAILROAD STARTED BUILDING AND HIRING AGAIN. I WAS IN THE OFFICE ONE DAY WHEN...



BUFFALO? JOHNNY, THE COUNTRY'S CATTLE-RICH, WE'RE LOADED WITH **BEEF**... NOBODY NEEDS HUNTERS ANY MORE! WON'T YOU EVEN CONSIDER ANOTHER JOB?



JOHNNY JUST COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT THE GREAT HERDS WERE GONE. THE LAND HAD BEEN FENCED IN OR PLOWED UNDER. THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR MEN LIKE JOHNNY ANY MORE...



JOE AND I GOT THE SPREAD WE ALWAYS WANTED, AND OVER THE YEARS IT GREW AND PROSPERED...



IT WAS TWENTY YEARS LATER BEFORE I SAW HIM AGAIN. I SAW A CLOUD OF DUST, THEN AN OLD MAN WITH SMILEY'S HAT, AND I KNEW WHO IT WAS...



THE YEARS SHOWED ON JOHNNY, FAR WORSE THAN THEY MIGHT HAVE SHOWN ON ANY MAN. BUT ONE THING HADN'T CHANGED...



I LET HIM GO, BUT THAT NIGHT I DIDN'T SLEEP EASY. WHEN DAWN CAME I SADDLED UP AND FOLLOWED JOHNNY. HIS TRACKS ACROSS THE PARCHED HILLS WERE EASY TO FOLLOW. THEN, MY HORSE SPOOKED AT A LOW, RUMBLING SOUND FROM UP AHEAD...

THE ROLLING SOUND SWELLED AND ROSE, FILLING THE AIR WITH ITS ROAR, THEN GRADUALLY FADED INTO THE DISTANCE...

SKY'S CLEAR, NOT A CLOUD... COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THUNDER! ONLY OTHER SOUND I EVER HEARD LIKE THAT WAS... WAS... NO! IT COULDN'T BE... IT--
OH, LORDY!



DEEP DOWN, I THINK I KNEW WHAT I'D FIND, BUT SOMEHOW, IT DIDN'T MAKE THE SHOCK ANY THE LESS...

STARING DOWN AT JOHNNY'S BODY REMINDED ME OF ANOTHER SCENE LONG AGO, ANOTHER BROKEN, LIFELESS FORM... I LOOKED AROUND FOR THE HAT, THAT SILLY, BATTERED HAT, BUT IT WAS GONE... THEN SOMETHING MADE ME LOOK UP, AND I SAW IT, PALE AGAINST THE SKY, MOVING WITHOUT A SOUND...



SO THAT'S THE STORY, THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED...

FUNNY THING IS, EVEN WITH JOHNNY LYIN' HERE, I CAN NEVER BE SURE... I SAW IT, BUT I CAN'T BE SURE... THAT BUCKBOARD DIDN'T LEAVE NO TRACKS EITHER!

BUT WE CAN BE SURE, EH, FELLOW FIENDS... SMILEY TURNED OUT TO BE A BETTER SPOOK THAN EVER! OF COURSE, IT LEFT JOHNNY **BUFFALOED!** NOW, IF I **HERD** YOU RIGHT, YOU'RE READY TO **HOOF** IT TO THE NEXT SCREAM STORY...



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EGYPT, STEVE BANNING AND HIS COMPANION "BABE" JENSEN, NEVER IMAGINED THE HORROR THAT AWAITED THEM ON THE HILL OF THE JACKALS WHEN THEIR EXPEDITION FOUND KAHARIS, AND ALMOST MET DOOM BY THE...

MUMMY'S HAND

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PROFESSOR ANDOHEB RETURNS TO HIS NATIVE EGYPT TO TAKE PART IN A STRANGE CEREMONY, FOR HE IS NEXT IN LINE FOR THE HIGH PRIESTHOOD OF KARNAK...

YOU ARE JUST IN TIME, MY SON... BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE MEDALLION OF THE HIGH PRIESTS... I MUST TELL YOU OF YOUR MISSION...

I RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE, MASTER. I AM HERE TO RELIEVE YOU!



THE HIGH PRIEST TELLS ANDOHEB OF KAHARIS, AND HOW HE MANY YEARS AGO WAS CONDEMNED TO A LIVING DEATH FOR STEALING THE SACRED TANA LEAVES TO RAISE HIS LOVER, THE PRINCESS ANUNKA FROM THE DEAD.



... AND I SWEAR BY THE GODS OF EGYPT THAT WHOSOEVER TRIES TO DESECRATE THE PRINCESS ANUNKA'S TOMB WILL BE DESTROYED ... AND KAHARIS WILL ONCE AGAIN WALK THE SANDS OF EGYPT AND I WILL CONTROL HIM WITH THE SACRED TANA LEAVES TO AVENGE THIS ACT!

WITH THEIR MONEY SUPPLY EXHAUSTED TWO WEARY ARCHAEOLOGISTS WANDER THE STREETS OF CAIRO IN SEARCH OF CURIOS...

YOU'RE NOT THINKIN' OF BUYIN' THAT PIECE OF JUNK, ARE YOU STEVE?

YES, 'BABE,' I AM. LET'S HAVE THAT MONEY YOU KEEP IN YOUR SHOE!



WE'RE GOING TO THE MUSEUM AND SEE DR. PETREE. I THINK WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING BIG, 'BABE'!

I GUESS THIS MEANS WE AIN'T GOIN' BACK TO GOOD OL' BROOKLYN! WELL, STEVE, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. DON'T FORGET THE SCRIPPS MUSEUM FIRED YOU THIS MORNING!



LATER AT THE MUSEUM STEVE SHOWS THE BATTERED VASE TO DR. PETREE, WHO IN HIS ANXIETY SHOWS THEM INTO THE FOLLOWING ROOM TO MEET PROF. ANDOHEB, WHO TRIES TO DISCOURAGE THEIR FEELINGS...

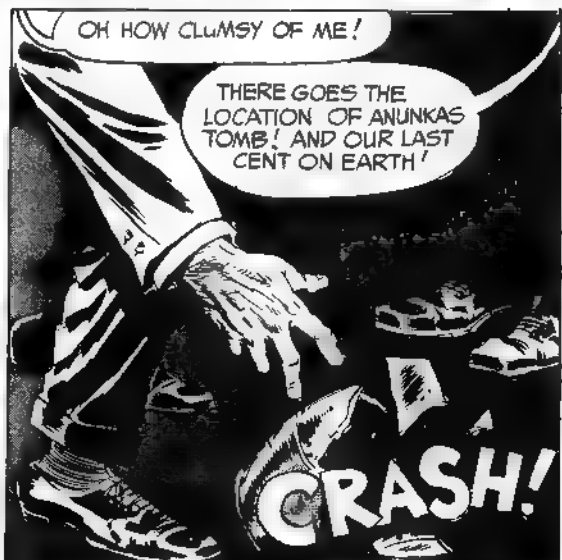
SO, PROFESSOR, YOU THINK THIS IS A FAKE AND IT DOESN'T SHOW THE LOCATION OF ANUNKAS TOMB!

YES, A VERY CLEVER IMITATION!



OH HOW CLUMSY OF ME!

THERE GOES THE LOCATION OF ANUNKAS TOMB! AND OUR LAST CENT ON EARTH!



WITH THEIR VASE BROKEN BUT NOT THEIR SPIRIT, STEVE AND 'BABE' GET FINANCIAL BACKING FROM A MAGICIAN AND HIS DAUGHTER, AND SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVING IN THE VALLEY OF THE QUEENS, A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION UNEARTHS AN ENTRANCE. BUT...

AN UNHOLY TOMB... THE NATIVES WON'T CONTINUE...

WHY NOT? WHAT'S THE MATTER, AL?



MEANWHILE, OTHER EARS HAVE ALSO HEARD THE EXPLOSION...

TONIGHT, YOU WILL PLACE A VILE OF TANA FLUID IN ONE OF THE UNBELIEVER'S TENTS...

YES, MASTER...



THE TOMB OPEN, STEVE, "BABE" AND THE MAGICIAN'S DAUGHTER MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

GOOD LORD, STEVE!
THAT'S NO PRINCESS!
CASSET!

IT CAN'T
BE...



THE GIANT LID IS OPENED AND...

LOOK!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
THAT'S NO
PRINCESS...
IT'S A MAN,
DR. PETREE!



LATER AFTER THE MUMMY IS LAID OUT, DR. PETREE IS ALONE, EXAMINING THE FIND WHEN A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS OUT OF THE DARKNESS...

PROFESSOR ANDOHEB!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

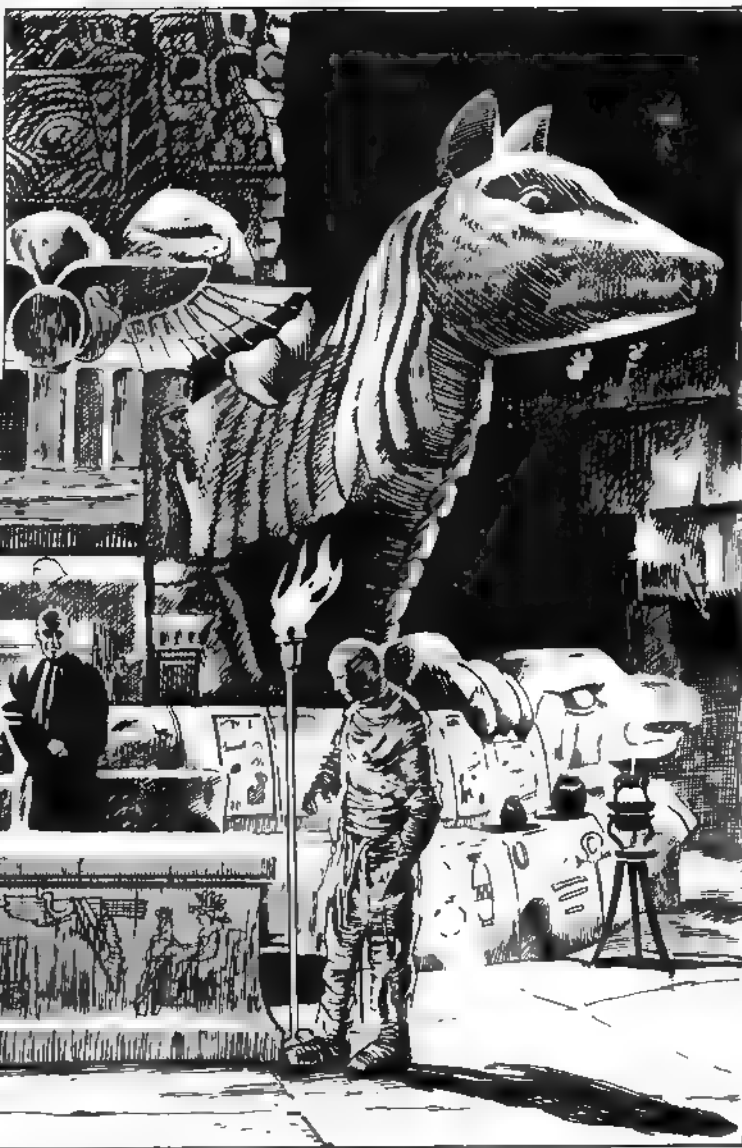
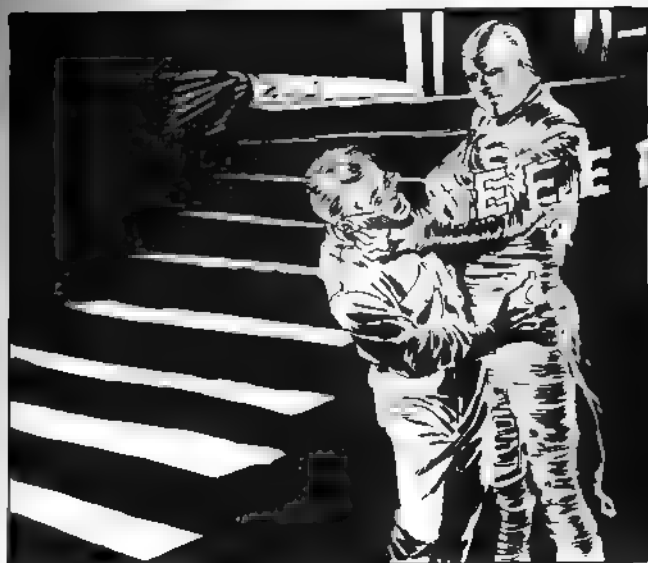
I SEE, DR. PETREE, HAVE YOU HAVE
DISCOVERED KAHARIS, AND NOW YOU
MUST REALIZE THAT HE STILL LIVES,
KEPT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR
YEARS, KEPT ALIVE WITH THE FLUID
OF THREE TANA LEAVES!



YES, DR. PETREE, THREE TANA
LEAVES, OR IN THE CYCLE OF THE
FULL MOON, SIX... BUT NEVER
MORE THAN NINE DR...OR KAHARIS
WOULD BECOME A MONSTER SUCH
AS THE WORLD HAS EVER
KNOWN!

NO!





TONIGHT ONE MORE OF THE INTRUDERS SHALL DIE BY THE HAND OF KAHARIS... DID YOU PLACE THE TANA FLUID IN ONE OF THE TENTS?

YES MASTER, THE DEED IS COMPLETED.



LATER THAT EVENING...

AFTER DR. PETREE'S DEATH, AND THE MUMMY BEING STOLEN, I'VE DECIDED THAT THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR! BUT, STEVE, I THINK THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE. I FOUND SOMETHING EARLIER!



WHAT IS IT?

LOOK! ACCORDING TO THIS PIECE OF POTTERY THERE'S A TUNNEL THAT CONNECTS TO A TEMPLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF MOUNTAIN! IT STARTS RIGHT BEHIND THE CASSET OF KAHARIS! THAT MUST BE WHERE ANUNKA IS BURIED!

WE'LL LOOK INTO THIS IN THE MORNING!



...AND AS THEY SPEAK...

GO, KAHARIS! SEEK THE SACRED TANA FLUID, AND KILL! KILL THE INTRUDERS WHO HAVE DESECRATED THE TOMB OF YOUR PRINCESS!



AND AS THE MUMMY APPROACHES THE CAMP A LONE JACKAL BEGINS ITS HOWL AT THE MOON!



DON'T BE ALARMED, MARTA, IT'S JUST A JACKAL!

GOOD NIGHT, STEVE...



AS MARTA GOES TO SLEEP, THE MUMMY COMES ACROSS ONE OF THE SENTRIES...



WHO'S CRY FOR LIFE NEVER LEAVES HIS THROAT...



THEN WITHIN SECONDS A SCREAM ECHOS THROUGH THE NIGHT...



AND KAHARIS EMERGES FROM A TENT CARRIES THE FAINTED MARTA...



STEVE! THAT THING'S ALIVE! IT TRIED TO KILL ME AND HE TOOK MARTA... HE WAS AFTER THE FLUID IN THIS BOTTLE.



"BABE," YOU CHECK OUT THE TEMPLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL... I'LL FOLLOW THE TUNNEL!

IF I'M NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, FORGET IT!



BY THIS TIME KAHARIS IS ALREADY AT THE TEMPLE.



GOOD KAHARIS, YOU ARE THROUGH NOW... AND NOW I AM GOING TO MAKE THIS GIRL AND MYSELF IMMORTAL LIKE YOU... SHE SHALL BE MY HIGH PRIESTESS... UH!



HEARING THE SHOT FROM "BABE'S" PISTOL, ANDOHEB'S PLANS ARE HALTED. TRYING TO STOP "BABE'S" ENTERING THE TEMPLE, HIS RESISTANCE IS STOPPED BY A BULLET...





THE MUMMY HURDLES STEVE TO ONE SIDE AND PREPARES TO DOWN THE VAST SUPPLY OF TANA FLUID BUT...



DROPPING TO THE FLOOR THE MUMMY TRIES TO SALVAGE HIS PRECIOUS FLUID OF LIFE...



AND AS HE DOES SO STEVE MAKES A HASTY RECOVERY AND...



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EVER FEEL LIKE YOU HAD AN AXE TO GRIND, RABID READER? I BET IT COULDN'T COMPARE WITH THE DARK DOINGS OF THE DAXLAND FAMILY AND THEIR HAIR-RAISING...

HERITAGE of HORROR!

OUTSIDE THE DARKENED BEDROOM, A RISING WIND MOANS AT THE NIGHT AND FAINT MUTTERING OF THUNDER SIGNALS AN APPROACHING STORM. WITHIN, CHRISTINE WRITHES AND KICKS THROUGH A TORTURED SLEEP...

FOR CHRISTINE THERE IS NO AWARENESS OF THE COMING STORM OR HER OWN TORMENTED SLUMBER...HER DREAMING MIND HOVERS FOUR HUNDRED YEARS IN THE PAST, CONJURING FORTH A FIGURE OF DREADFUL GRIMNESS...

COME, MADAM...
IT IS TIME!



AND THROUGH HER HAUNTED SLEEP, AS SHE HAS BEEN SO MANY NIGHTS PAST, CHRISTINE IS BOTH WITNESS AND PARTICIPANT IN A TERRIFYING TABLEAU... IT IS NOT HER, YET SHE FEELS THE STRONG CALLOUSED HANDS PRESSING HER DOWN, THE HORRENDOUS PRESSURE OF BLOODSTAINED WOOD AGAINST HER THROAT...

YOU CAN'T DO THIS... YOU CAN'T! I'M YOUR WIFE! IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, YOUR WIFE! HAS YOUR WORK CORRUPTED YOU SO MUCH, YOU'D NOT EVEN FORSAKE THIS EXECUTION? YOU'RE MAD IF YOU DO IT! MAD!

YOU WERE FOUND GUILTY! IT MUST BE DONE!



YOU LOVE IT, LOVE IT TOO MUCH TO STOP EVEN NOW! THEN I'LL DIE CURSING YOU AND YOUR BLOODY WORK! YOU AND YOURS CAN ALWAYS BE EXECUTIONERS, AND MAY YOUR VICTIMS ALWAYS BE YOUR BRIDES!



CHRISTINE SEES TAUNT MUSCLES RIPPLE WITH MOVEMENT; HEARS FLASHING STEEL WHISTLE THROUGH THE AIR, AND, SOMEHOW, FEELS THE FIRST COLD KISS OF FINE EDGED DEATH!



CHRISTINE BOLTS UPRIGHT IN THE DARKNESS, HEART FLUTTERING IN HER BREAST LIKE A TRAPPED BIRD, EARS RINGING WITH THE DEATH SCREAM OF A WOMAN EXECUTED FOUR CENTURIES PAST...

DEAR GOD, IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! I CAN'T STOP DREAMING OF IT, KNOWING WHAT I KNOW, I CAN'T—



THE WORDS CATCH IN HER THROAT AS CHRISTINE THINKS OF JOHN, HER HUSBAND, AND HIS TERRIBLE, ANGRY REACTIONS TO HER DREAMS. HER GAZE STEALS GUILTILY TO HIS PLACE...

HE IS NOT HERE, THANK HEAVEN, HE'S NOT HERE! HE HASN'T EVEN BEEN TO BED... BUT WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S HE DOING?



OUTSIDE THE WIND MOANS AT THE ANCIENT STONE WALLS. CHRISTINE'S EYES GROW WIDE AND SLEEP-LESS. OPPRESSIVE REALITY SETTLES ON HER HEAVIER THAN THE STRONGLY ETCHED NIGHTMARE...

I'M NOT GOING THROUGH 'ANOTHER NIGHT OF THIS! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, TELL HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

JOHN! WHERE ARE YOU, JOHN?!



SOMEWHERE AMID THE RAMBLING LONELINESS OF THE GREAT HOUSE, THERE COMES A SOUND, DISTANT AND IRREGULAR, AT ONCE FAMILIAR, YET NOT QUITE RECOGNIZABLE TO CHRISTINE...

J-JOHN? IS THAT YOU? JOHN!
ANSWER ME PLEASE...



CHRISTINE WAS A QUIET, ALMOST WITHDRAWN GIRL. MEN WERE NOT EASILY ATTRACTED TO HER. THEN JOHN HAD APPEARED. QUIETER, PERHAPS EVEN MORE WITHDRAWN...

I'M JOHN DAXLAND. MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?



HIS BLUNT RESERVE WAS STILL MORE ATTENTION THAN CHRISTINE EVER HAD. EVEN SO, WHEN DAXLAND'S PROPOSAL CAME, SHE WAS HESITANT. HER MOTHER WAS NOT...

BUT HIS BACK-
GROUND IS PRACTICALLY STILL
A MYSTERY; HE'S FROM ANOTHER
COUNTRY...HOW WELL DO I
REALLY KNOW HIM?

HE HAS MONEY,
CHRISTINE, POSI-
TION! WHAT MAN
AROUND HERE COULD
OFFER YOU MORE...
OR WOULD?



CHRISTINE GAVE IN TO THE PRESSURE, AND SOON SAILED FOR EUROPE AND THE SOMBER HALLS OF HER NEW HUSBAND...

JOHN'S AN-
CESTORS DATE BACK CENTURIES...
IT'S AN IMPRESSIVE HERITAGE?

ONLY TO THEM WHO KNOW NOTHING OF IT, MADAM! I'M
ONE OF THE FEW WHO'LL EVEN WORK FOR A DAXLAND...
WHY DO YOU THINK HE WENT ABROAD FOR
A BRIDE?



WITH ALMOST VENOMOUS PLEASURE, THE HOUSEKEEPER RECOUNTED THE GRUESOME HISTORY... FROM THE HEADSMAN CURSED FOR HIS UNNATURAL ZEAL THROUGH EACH AND EVERY HAPLESS DESCENDANT WHO MARRIED ONLY TO SOONER OR LATER FACE HIS WIFE AS AN AX WIELDING MANIAC!



THE WOMAN TURNED AND MOVED QUICKLY AWAY, AS THOUGH UNABLE TO BEAR LOOKING ON THE FACE OF THE DOOMED. CHRISTINE NEVER SAW HER AGAIN, WHEN SHE ASKED JOHN ABOUT THE HOUSEKEEPER...

THE PAST IS THE PAST! WHATEVER HAPPENED, I WON'T BE RULED BY IT! FORGET WHAT THAT STUPID WOMAN TOLD YOU... I'M NOT GOING TO BE LIKE THE OTHERS! I'M NOT, I'M NOT!!



AFTER THAT, FOR CHRISTINE, THE NIGHTMARES BEGAN...

...DISCHARGED! FROM NOW ON, WE'LL DO WITHOUT SERVANTS! I WON'T ABIDE THEIR PRATTLING AND PRYING, THEIR MALICIOUS TALK, THEIR SORDID SPECULATIONS ...AND I WON'T HAVE YOU SHARING THEM, CHRISTINE!

I WON'T, JOHN... IF YOU'LL DENY THEY'RE TRUE!



A PEAL OF THUNDER BRINGS CHRISTINE'S THOUGHTS BACK TO THE PRESENT. SHE IS AGAIN AWARE OF THE PERMEATING SILENCE OF THE ENGULFING BLACK SHADOWS AROUND HER...



AGAIN, CHRISTINE HEARS THE SAME TANTALIZINGLY FAMILIAR SOUND, AND THIS TIME, HER MIND SUPPLIES AN ANSWER...

...LIKE IN THE DREAM...WHEN THE AX STRIKES THE BLOCK! AND IT'S COMING FROM THE COURTYARD...



EVERY INSTINCT URGES HER TO RUN, TO ESCAPE...YET EACH FOOTSTEP CHRISTINE TAKES DRAWS HER IRRESISTIBLY TOWARD THE SOUND, FLUTTERING FORWARD LIKE A FLAME OBSESSED MOTH...

THE COURTYARD...WHERE THEY USE TO HAVE THE...EXECUTIONS!

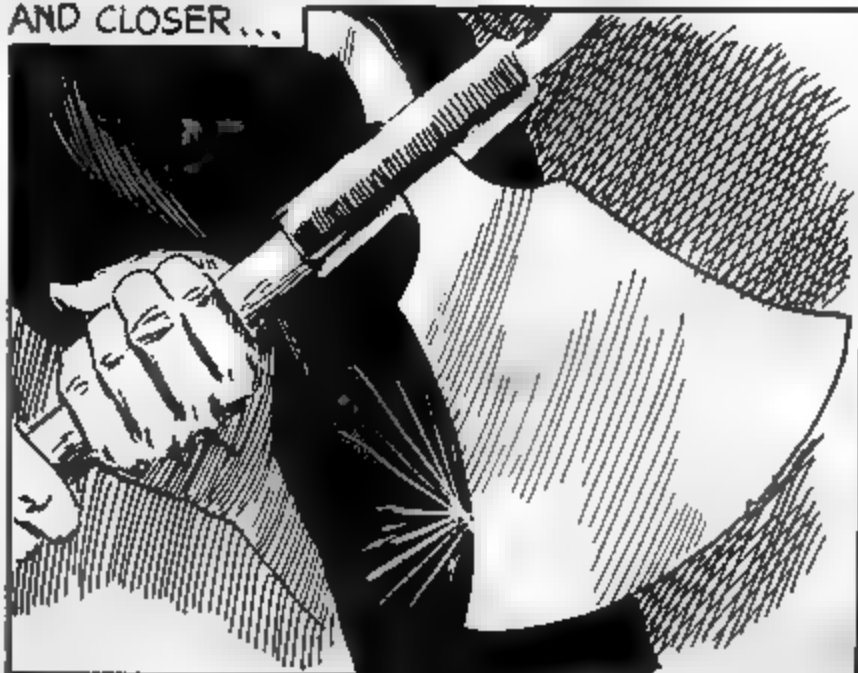


FOR AN INSTANT, HER FINGERS CLAW AT THE HEAVY DOOR, STRUGGLING TO OPEN IT. A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND DOES THE JOB, AND A BLAST OF LIGHTNING THROWS EERIE ILLUMINATION ON THE LOOMING FORM IN THE DOORWAY...



JOHN! NO! NOOOOO!! EEEEEEE!

CHRISTINE'S SCREAM IS LOST IN A LOUD ROLL OF THUNDER AND SHE CAN ONLY STAGGER BACK, FEAR WIDENED EYES RIVETED ON THE BRIGHT EDGE OF GLEAMING STEEL DRAWING CLOSER AND CLOSER...

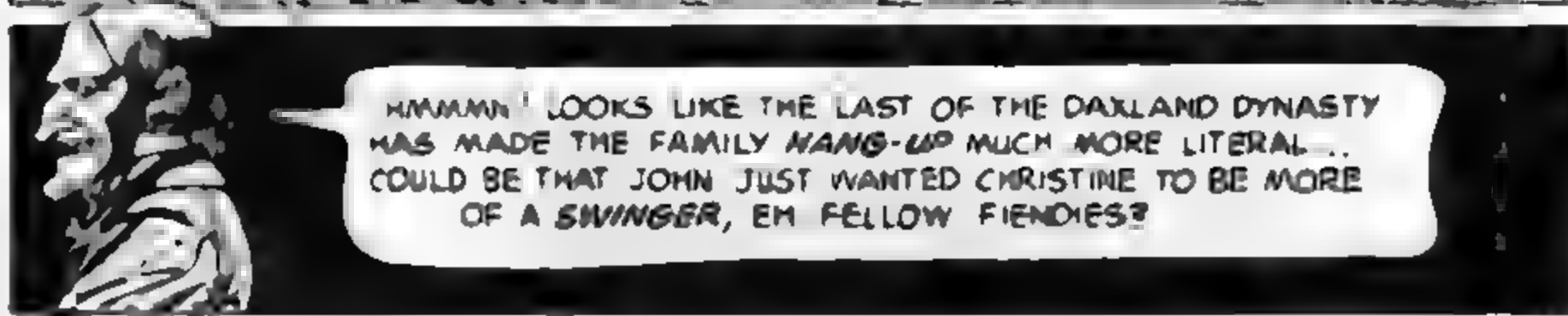
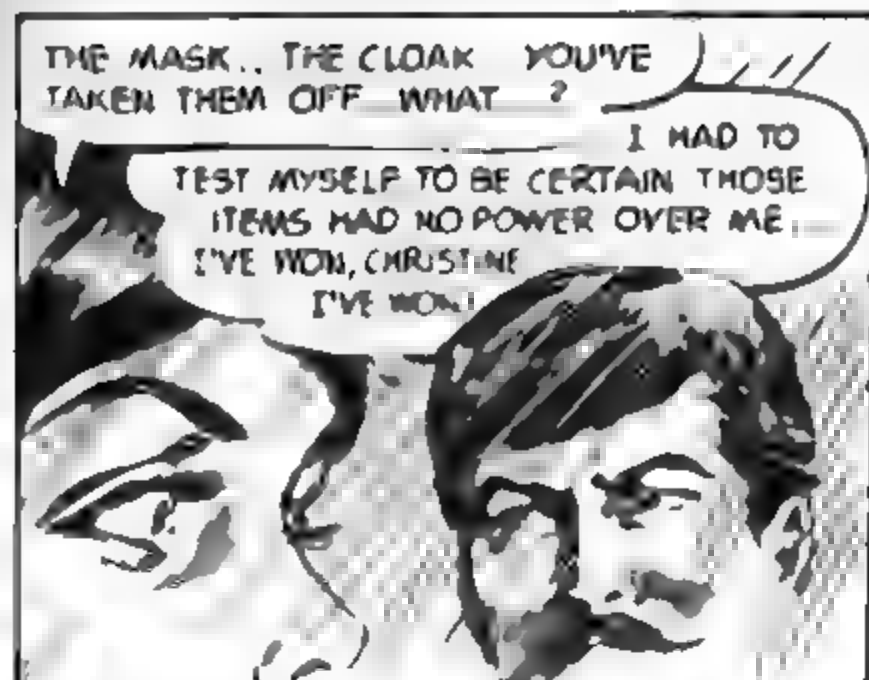


UNTIL, MERCIFULLY, SHE FAINTS!



THE FEEL OF RAIN ON HER FACE BRINGS CHRISTINE SLOWLY TO CONSCIOUSNESS DULLY SHE REALIZES THEY ARE IN THE COURTYARD JOHN IS HELPING HER TO STAND

RELIEF BEGINS TO FLOOD THROUGH CHRISTINE'S QUICKENING SENSES. BUT SHE STILL FEELS SOMEWHAT STIFF AND CONSTRICTED SHE HAS TO HANG ON JOHN'S EVERY WORD TO CATCH THE FULL IMPACT..



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



We begin this month's monstrous meeting with a bit of a tear in the corner of our beady, red-rimmed eyes. This marks the last issue for our writhing writer and erstwhile editor, Archie Goodwin. After completing *EERIE* #12, he will creep out of the dungeon's darkest depths to the sunlight of syndicated comic strips. Ghoulish Goodwin will be writing *SECRET AGENT CORRI-GAN*, which is drawn by Creepy alumnus AL WILLIAMSON, as well as King Features' new comic strip, *CAPTAIN KATE* (Not a vampire or werewolf in either of them, I don't see what he'll do for excitement!). At the moment, we don't know who his replacement will be; we may have to settle on someone who is (Choke!) human! Future issues will still probably feature a few fear fables by the Ghoulish One even though he will no longer be at the horror helm of *CREEPY* and *EERIE*.

When questioned about his thoughts and feelings after nearly two years and two hundred stories rendered in the dungeon's darkness, Archie modestly lowered his eyes, smiled his quick shy smile, and summed up the entire experience with these words: AAAAAARRRRGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!

Now we surge forth to the convulsing contributions of you FIENDISH FANS... First on tap is a bit of bawfulness by RICHARD MILLS, CFC #1115, of Las Cruces, New Mexico...

"MIAOW," SAID THE PUSSYCAT by Richard Mills

Mrs. Minerva was reading the newspaper.

It was not at all unusual for her. You see, she was one of those elderly rich women who is considered, at least by themselves, to be the 'social life-blood' of whatever town they live in. Mrs. Minerva was a widow, and lived all alone in her house, a rambling, suburban type affair.

But, as I said, she was reading the paper. And, for one of the few times in her life, she was really reading it.

"This is just TOO much! I must talk to the police inspector about this!" Mrs. Minerva exclaimed. "One isn't even safe in one's own home!" she exclaimed with smug confidence.

She let her gaze wander around her house. The living room was richly decorated, and in a manner somehow like Mrs. Minerva, seemingly substantial, but really ready to burn and crumble to dust at a second's notice. Luxurious furnishings abounded, and brought to mind a feeling of solidity again the feeling that one got from Mrs. Minerva. She continued her survey, and then suddenly remembered her present business.

"Yes, I really must talk to him about it." And with that, she reread the article that was so disturbing.

"Investigation has now started concerning the death of Mrs. Clarvetta, one of the town's most prominent social citizens. Late last night residents near Mrs. Clarvetta's house were aroused by a scream. They rushed outside to find the Clarvetta home ablaze. The firemen arrived swiftly on the scene, but none of the old landmark had survived. There has been no speculation yet as to the cause of the fire."

Mrs. Minerva raised her head, when — rrrroowwww — a faint noise was heard.

"Oh! What was that?"

She listened intently, and was soon rewarded when the sound repeated itself. "Rrrroowwww"

"What in the world can it be?" Her question went unanswered. Mrs. Minerva heaved herself out of her chair, and walked over, somewhat cautiously, to the front door.

"Well, who is it?" She asked irritably.

"Rrrrrroowwww!"
Hesitating, she took hold of the doorknob, and slowly opened the door a crack. She peeked out, and saw... a cat.

"Oh, Good Heavens!" she ejaculated. "What in the world can a cat be doing here?" She addressed this question to the cat, and looked rather crossly at it.

The cat stared helplessly up at her, and emitted a heart throbbing "miaow" while it rubbed Mrs. Minerva's leg.

"Rrrrrroowwww!"
"Oh, you're hungry, aren't you?" she asked, and said it with more favor in her voice.

The cat rubbed against her again and seemed to nod assent. She scooped the cat up into her arms. The cat looked up at her, and seemed to grin. Mrs. Minerva grinned back at it. The cat rubbed her arm again, and sent Mrs. Minerva into ecstasies, while emitting a small miaow, just to remind her that "Kitty", as Mrs. Minerva was already calling it, was still hungry.

Mrs. Minerva strode toward the kitchen.

Mrs. Minerva liked having a constant companion, and Kitty, as she called the cat, liked the food. They seemed to hit it off from the start. And, Mrs. Minerva just DOTTED on the poor cat. You'd think that the cat would get sick of the way Mrs. Minerva cared for it. For instance, take the time she came back from a social event.

Mrs. Minerva was sitting in her living room, flames blazing in the fireplace, with the cat on her lap.

"My, haven't we had a long day, Kitty?" she asked the cat, while fondling it.

The cat looked up at her and stretched, opening its mouth in a long, luxurious yawn.

"Puss! Where are your manners? Don't you yawn in MY face!" she told the cat. And with that, she playfully gave it a small slap on the rear end. "Rrrrrroowwww!"

The cat jumped off her lap, gently landing on the floor. He padded about half the floor distance away, then turned to look at Mrs. Minerva.

"Kitty, you come back here, RIGHT NOW!" Mrs. Minerva demanded.

Kitty just looked at her. "All right then, I'll get YOU." Mrs. Minerva firmly declared. She heaved herself up out of her chair, and first headed for the window, intending to open it and get some air circulating. "Ready Kitty? Here I come," she said and turned around.

The cat was sitting before the fireplace and gazed steadily at Mrs. Minerva.

She approached the cat, and was about to grab him when a gust of wind blew through the window. The cat leaped back, arched his back and hissed.

"KITTY!" Mrs. Minerva exclaimed. "If that's the way you're going to be, just be it by yourself!" And Mrs. Minerva left the room.

Two blazing red dots followed her movements.

An hour or so later, Mrs. Minerva went back into the living room, ready to reconcile with Kitty.

"Pussy? Here, Pussy! Where are you?" she questioned, and glanced around. "Kitty?"

The room loomed in front of

It is with mixed emotions that we announce a change in the Editorship of *CREEPY* and *EERIE*. Archie Goodwin, one of the most capable Editors in the business, is leaving Warren Publishing Company to devote his full time to writing. In the two years Arch was with us he raised the standards of *CREEPY* and *EERIE* to their present heights. Although we wish him well in his new capacity, we are still saddened at having to say farewell. Arch told me to limit my message to one sentence, so I'll put it this way: Archie Goodwin is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and irreverent. He will be missed. Good Luck, Arch—from Uncle Creepy, Cousin Eerie, and all of us.

James Warren
PUBLISHER

her, in silence.

Now feeling somewhat worried, both at having lost kitten and at the silence, Mrs. Minerva started looking in earnest.

"Kitty? Here, Kitty, come here!" she pleaded. Nothing.

After several futile minutes, Mrs. Minerva gave up.

"All right, Kitty, just wait. You'll be sorry for making an old lady angry," she said, and started to leave the room. She had just entered the hallway,

when she paused to look back, and saw the fire still brightly burning.

"Oh, dear! I'd better fix it before I retire."

She reentered the room, and was moving coals with a fireplace shovel when she heard something.

"Rrrrrroooooowwww."

"Kitty? Is that you?"

Mrs. Minerva got up, leaving the shovel sticking out of the fireplace, the scoop still buried in the coals.

"Rrrrrroooooowwww."

"Kitty, Kitty. Come here!" she demanded.

She went out of the living room and started searching the house for the cat, but soon gave up. Mrs. Minerva went off to bed, forgetting about the fireplace.

Much later, the cat emerged from its hiding place. It padded over to the living room, and stared at the fireplace. The cat jumped up onto the mantle, then leaped onto the shovel's handle. Coals flew through the

air, landing on the sofa and rug. There they started to burn.

Kitty jumped out of the window.

Well, the long and the short of it was that Mrs. Minerva's house burned down with her in it, even as she screamed for help. Kitty has been wandering around, looking for a place to settle... but wait! I've just seen a good looking prospect. Excuse me...

"Rrrrrroooooowwww!"

THE END



The heartwarming scene pulsatingly portrayed directly above accurately depicting an editorial conference here in the dungeon is by R. DAVID DUVALL, member #815, age 16, of Towson, Maryland. I'm glad you managed to get me on top of ol' jelly-belly (I wouldn't want to see ANYONE beneath him)!

ROBERT SANKNER of Carteret, New Jersey who holds membership #3200 contributed the fine line draw to the upper right depicting a Conan or Thane type warrior ready for action. Maybe in the future Bob will give us a glimpse of what his swordman might be facing.

From the farflung shores of Kailua, Hawaii, CRAIG THORNTON, CFC #1309 and 1318 (Now THAT'S what I call loyalty!), demonstrates his demoniacal draftsmanship with a portrait of yours truly in a moment of leisure, perusing my favorite mag!



DON'T MISS OUT, JOIN THE CREEPY FAN CLUB FUN! SEE DETAILS ON PAGE 11!

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STEP RIGHT UP, FEAR FANCIERS, AND GET ON LINE FOR YOUR TERROR TICKETS INTO THE MACABRE MUSEUM OF CLAUDE RENAI, WHERE EACH AND EVERY FEAR-INSPIRING EXHIBIT IS A TERRIFYING...

IMAGE IN WAX!



THE OWNER OF THE POPULAR PARIS MUSEUM TURNS AND STRIDES STIFFLY AWAY FROM GERARD VIGO, HIS CHIEF COMPETITOR. SMARTING FROM THE CURT DISMISSAL, VIGO CAN ONLY MOVE MOODILY AMONG THE LOOMING EXHIBITS, STARING NOW AT THE BESTIAL FURY OF A WEREWOLF, NOW THE GHOUL'S CARNAL SAVAGERY, NOW THE MENACING GLOOM OF A SORCERER... AND WITH EACH VIEWING HIS DEPRESSION AND RESENTMENT GROWS...

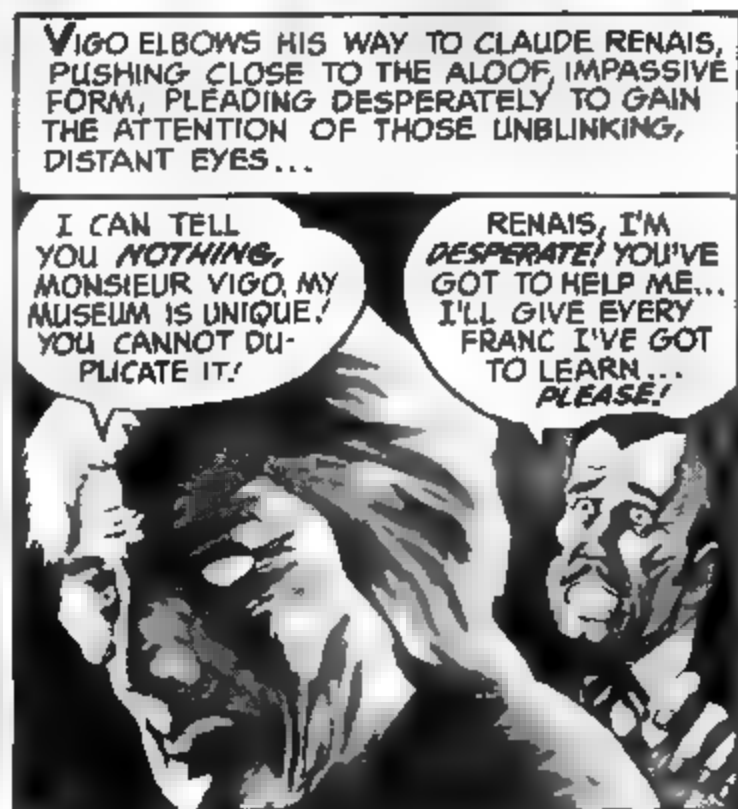




RENAIS IS *RUINING* ME! WHO'LL PAY TO SEE MY HISTORICAL TABLEAUS, MY LIFELESS REENACTMENTS OF FAMOUS CRIMES, WHEN THEY CAN HAVE *THIS*?



LOOK AT THEM! CROWDING LIKE CATTLE... I WAS IN BUSINESS BEFORE HIM, IT SHOULD BE *MY* PLACE THEY'RE AT! AND IT STILL *COULD*, IF ONLY RENAIIS WOULD GIVE ME SOME HINT, SOME CLUE...



VIGO ELBOWS HIS WAY TO CLAUDE RENAIIS, PUSHING CLOSE TO THE ALOOF, IMPASSIVE FORM, PLEADING DESPERATELY TO GAIN THE ATTENTION OF THOSE UNBLINKING, DISTANT EYES...

I CAN TELL YOU *NOTHING*, MONSIEUR VIGO. MY MUSEUM IS UNIQUE! YOU CANNOT DUPLICATE IT!

RENAIS, I'M *DESPERATE*! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME... I'LL GIVE EVERY FRANC I'VE GOT TO LEARN... *PLEASE!*

SUDDENLY VIGO IS TALKING TO THE BACK OF RENAIIS'S COAT AS THE MUSEUM OWNER MOVES AWAY IN HIS RIGID, UNBENDING WALK...



THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER TO SAY, MONSIEUR VIGO. IT IS LATE, I MUST CLEAR THE GALLERY!

THE COLD MONOTONOUS VOICE LEAVES GERARD VIGO SHAKING WITH RAGE, A VIOLENT URGE WELLING WITHIN HIM...



CLOSING TIME! *CLOSING TIME!* THIS WAY PLEASE ... CLOSING TIME!

CLOSING TIME! CLAUDE RENAISS SOLEMNLY STANDS GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE, WATCHING PATIENTLY UNTIL THE LAST STRAGGLER IS HERDED THROUGH...



OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM, NIGHT BEGINS TO OVERTAKE PARIS. WITHIN, RENAISS MOVES WITH HIS MEASURED STRIDE FROM LAMP TO LAMP, SMOTHERING THEIR FLAMES...



WITH THE LAST LAMP DARK, HIS FOOTSTEPS ECHO ACROSS THE EMPTY MUSEUM AS HE GOES THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE WORK ROOM IN BACK OF THE MAIN GALLERY...



LEAVING THE MISSHAPEN MONSTER FORMS ALONE IN THE SHADOWED DARKNESS, SILENT AND FORBODING...



NOW! RENAISS HAD HIS CHANCE, NOW IT'S MY TURN! IF I CAN'T SHARE IN HIS SECRET, I CAN AT LEAST ARRANGE THINGS SO IT CAN'T BE USED TO RUIN ME...

QUICKLY AND QUIETLY GERARD VIGO EASES OUT OF HIS HIDING PLACE THROUGH GROTESQUE SHADOWS CAST BY THE GRUESOME IMAGES, TO THE NEAREST WALL LAMP...

FIRE WILL DO IT! ONE ROARING FIRE AND RENAI'S MONSTERS WILL NO LONGER BE COMPETITION FOR ME! FIRST, I'VE GOT TO MAKE CERTAIN THEIR CREATOR CAN'T SAVE THEM!

REMOVING THE LAMP FROM ITS FIXTURE, VIGO INCHES OPEN THE DOOR TO THE WORKROOM...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? WHY IS HE JUST SITTING LIKE THAT? MORE ICY AND RIGID THAN WHEN I TALKED TO HIM... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?! LET HIM STAY IN A TRANCE... MAKES MY TASK ALL THE EASIER!

NO DIFFICULT MATTER TO MAKE IT APPEAR THE FIRE STARTED AS HE WAS WORKING HERE...

YOU'RE A FOOL, VIGO! YOU COULD HAVE LISTENED AND LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE!

A CHILL FREEZES VIGO IN MIDSTEP. WITH THE STIFF, UNNATURAL PRECISION THAT CHARACTERIZES ALL HIS MOVEMENTS, CLAUDE RENAI RISES AND TURNS, THE DULL UNFLINCHING EYES RIVETED ON VIGO...

PUZZLED, VIGO? FRIGHTENED? UPSET? THAT I KNEW YOU WERE BEHIND ME?

Y YOU NO DOUBT HEARD ME... OR SOME-THING... I-I DON'T CARE, JUST KEEP BACK... I WARN YOU, KEEP BACK!

THE BLUNT, MONOTONE VOICE IS LIKE A COLD KNIFE TWISTED IN HIS SPINE, VIGO SQUIRMS UNEASILY; HE RETREATS...

NO, VIGO. YOU HAVE TO BE STOPPED.

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, RENAI... I CAME HERE TO KILL TONIGHT, TO DESTROY... I-I WON'T LET YOU STOP ME... KEEP BACK, KEEP BACK!

WITH A DESPERATE, PITIFUL CRY, VIGO HURLS THE LIGHTED LAMP IN HIS HAND...

I WARNED YOU!

THE FLAMES SUDDENLY WREATH THE ADVANCING FIGURE, FEEDING ON THE VERY FLESH AND CLOTHING OF CLAUDE RENAI, THEIR ALL CONSUMING HEAT WORKING A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION...



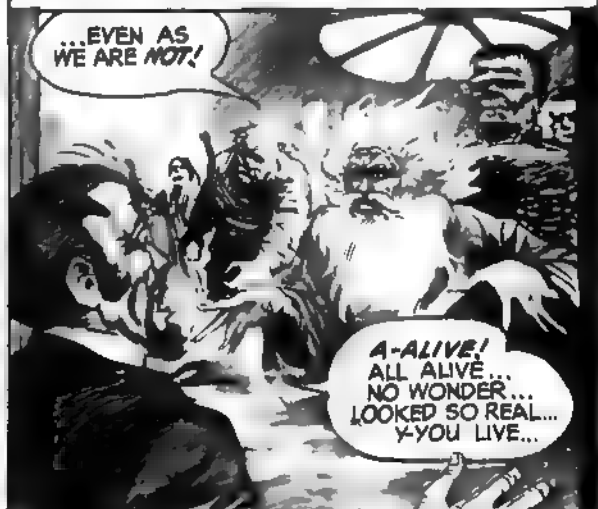
SHRIEKING WITH HORROR AT THE MELTING VISION BEFORE HIM, VIGO FALLS BACK AGAINST THE WORKROOM DOOR...

SLOWLY, SO VERY SLOWLY, THE HINGES SHRIEK AND CRY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN...



WAX! SOME LONG DEAD FORM COATED WITH WAX! NOTHING BUT WAX!

YES, RENAI WAS AN IMAGE OF WAX...



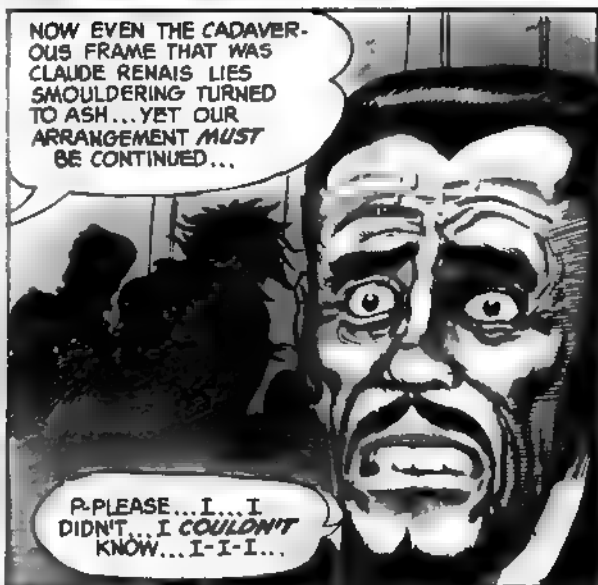
...EVEN AS WE ARE NOT!

A-ALIVE! ALL ALIVE... NO WONDER... LOOKED SO REAL... YOU LIVE...



EVEN AS RENAI DID NOT, SAVE BY NECROMANCY WHILE WE RESTED THROUGH THE DAY, SAFE UNTIL WE COULD RISE TO WORK OUR EVIL DURING THE NIGHT!

A PERFECT ARRANGEMENT UNTIL YOU SET YOUR HAND AGAINST OUR WAXEN CHARGE!



NOW EVEN THE CADAVEROUS FRAME THAT WAS CLAUDE RENAI LIES SHOULDERING TURNED TO ASH... YET OUR ARRANGEMENT MUST BE CONTINUED...

P-PLEASE... I... I DIDN'T... I COULDN'T KNOW... I-I-I...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE USUAL CROWD OF EARLY SIGHTSEERS AND TOURISTS GATHERS BEFORE THE DOORS, ONLY TO FACE A DISAPPOINTING NOTICE...



YET, AS PROMISED, THE DISAPPOINTMENT IS ONLY TEMPORARY, AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS...

NOTHING'S CHANGED, THEY DIDN'T HURT IT AS I FEARED. IT'S JUST AS GOOD AS BEFORE...



I FELT THE SAME WAY WHEN I HEARD OF THE CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP. BUT IT'S TRUE... VIGO IS SETTING THE SAME HIGH STANDARDS AS RENAI!

INDEED, THE ONLY TRULY NOTICEABLE CHANGE SEEMS TO BE IN VIGO HIMSELF. NEW RESPONSIBILITIES AND SUCCESSSES SEEMING TO MAKE HIM MORE ALOOF AND IMPASSIVE, STIFF AND UNNATURAL IN BEARING.



HOW CAN YOU DO IT, VIGO? THE INCREDIBLE DETAIL, THE FLAWLESS EXECUTION... HOW DO YOU DO IT?

...AND IT IS MOST DIFFICULT TO GAIN THE ATTENTION OF THOSE UNBLINKING, DISTANT EYES!



MY METHODS ARE MY OWN, MONSIEUR... I DO NOT DISCUSS THEM!

YES, INDEED, GHOULISH GLANCERS, I'M AFRAID THE WHOLE AFFAIR HAS TURNED MONSIEUR VIGO INTO A BIT OF A *STIFF*... OF COURSE IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR HIM TO CHANGE... JUST WAIT UNTIL THE FIRST *REALLY HOT* DAY! HEE, HEE, HEE!



NOW, TERROR TOURISTS, LET'S LOOK IN ON A FELLOW JOURNIER WHO'S REACHED ONE OF EUROPE'S DARKEST CORNERS AND IS ABOUT TO INQUIRE CONCERNING ...

A NIGHT'S LODGING!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE GUIDEBOOK INDICATED THAT TARNHEIM WAS A FLOURISHING VILLAGE!.. THAT ITS HOTEL PROVIDED A FINE NIGHT'S LODGING! YET I FIND THE TOWN ALL BUT ABANDONED, AND THIS HOTEL'S LITTLE MORE THAN A CRUMBLING RUIN!

A COMMON COMPLAINT, MY YOUNG FRIEND. I FEAR THE GUIDEBOOK LISTING HAS NEVER BEEN UPDATED.. A PITY! IT DISAPPOINTS SO MANY TRAVELERS!

THE FAINT MOAN OF THE AUTUMN WIND AT HIS BACK SENT A CHILL ALONG THE YOUNG TOURIST'S SPINE, MAKING HIM FORGET HIS ANNOYANCE... HIS EYES REAPPRAISED THE ANCIENT FIGURE BEFORE HIM. THE OLD MAN'S DIM FEATURES SEEMED TO GLOW WITH PROSPECT OF COMPANY, AND HIS MOUTH TWITCHED AS THOUGH READY TO TELL A TALE...

EVEN WITH THE GUIDE-
BOOK LISTING, FEW
COME HERE ANY MORE...
BECAUSE OF THE LEGEND...

"IT BEGAN NEARLY A CENTURY AGO, ON A NIGHT
NOT UNLIKE TONIGHT...EVEN THEN THE VILLAGE
WAS ALL BUT DESERTED. THE HOTEL DID NOT EXIST.
THE OLD ROAD, RUTTED AND ROCKY, WAS RARELY
TRAVELED, BUT A WASHOUT ON THE MAIN HIGH-
WAY AND URGENT BUSINESS, PROMPTED CONRAD
ERNST TO TRY IT..."



"UNKNOWN TO ERNST OR HIS
DRIVER, THE SURFACE OF THE
ANCIENT BYWAY WAS AFFECTING
AN OVERSTRAINED AXLE..."

CLIK! CLIK!

"THEN, STRIKING ONE HUGE RUT, THE AXLE SPLINTERED
WITH EXPLOSIVE IMPACT..."



CLIKITY! CRASH!

"AND WHEN THE THUNDERING CRASH
AND SMOKE OF WRECKAGE SET-
TLED, A DAZED CONRAD ERNST
PULLED HIMSELF FROM THE DEBRIS!"

MY ARM! OH, LORD, MY ARM! IT'S
COMPLETELY SHATTERED!



"EXCRUCIATING PAIN GAVE WAY TO CORRODING NUMBNESS AS CONRAD TRIED TO GET HIS BEARINGS..."



MUST REVIVE MYSELF! MUST HAVE WATER!

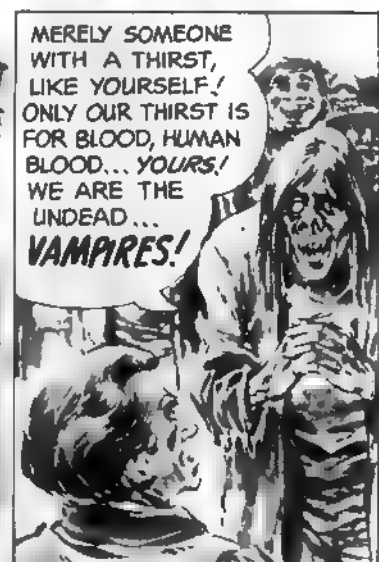


WHAT...

W-WHO ARE YOU?



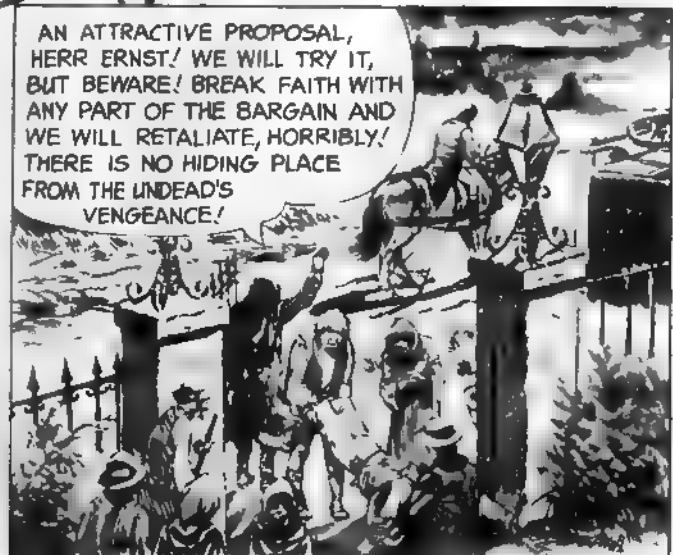
MERELY SOMEONE WITH A THIRST, LIKE YOURSELF! ONLY OUR THIRST IS FOR BLOOD, HUMAN BLOOD... YOURS! WE ARE THE UNDEAD... **VAMPIRES!**



VAMPIR—NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME! I'M CONRAD ERNST, MY HOTELS ARE FAMOUS THROUGHOUT EUROPE! THERE IS MUCH I CAN DO FOR YOU! WHY SETTLE FOR ME WHEN I CAN GUARANTEE MANY-
ENDLESS-VICTIMS! THINK IF MY

NEXT HOTEL, MANAGED BY ME PERSONALLY, WERE TO BE ERECTED HERE... YOU'D NEVER WANT FOR VICTIMS AGAIN! SPARE ME AND I PROMISE IT!

AN ATTRACTIVE PROPOSAL, HERR ERNST! WE WILL TRY IT, BUT BEWARE! BREAK FAITH WITH ANY PART OF THE BARGAIN AND WE WILL RETALIATE, HORRIBLY! THERE IS NO HIDING PLACE FROM THE UNDEAD'S VENGEANCE!



"ERNST GAINED THE SAFETY OF HIS HOME, DOUBTING HIS SANITY UNTIL HIS INJURED ARM, FOREVER TWISTED FROM GOING UNSET, REMINDED HIM IT ALL HAD HAPPENED... AND HE UNDER TOOK TO KEEP HIS WORD..."

THE HOTEL'S ALL BUT FINISHED... I KNOW THOSE MONSTERS HAVE WATCHED EACH STEP OF ITS CONSTRUCTION! NOW THEY'LL BE CRYING FOR GUESTS WITHOUT DELAY!

THE PLACE IS OUT OF THE WAY, IT WON'T BE EASY... BUT A GRAND OPENING BALL WILL HELP...

...AND A FREE NIGHT'S LODGING TO... CERTAIN SELECT ACQUAINTANCES!

"CONRAD ERNST'S QUILL BEGAN TO MOVE ACROSS THE PAPER, AT FIRST HESITANTLY, THEN WITH RELISH, AS HE BEGAN TO LIST ALL WHO'D EVER DONE HIM AN INJUSTICE, REAL OR IMAGINED AND THE FIRST, WAS HIS COLLEGE ROOMMATE, FRITZ WERNER..."

FRITZ! AND THE GIRL I LOVE... NO!

THE GIRL HAD NEVER RETURNED HIS LOVE, BUT ERNST COULD NOT BEAR TO SEE ANYONE SUCCEED WHERE HE HAD FAILED. CONRAD WENT AHEAD, INSISTING IT WAS AN AFFAIR OF HONOR...

FOUR...
FIVE... SIX!

"HIS HONOR WENT UNSATISFIED, AND HE BARELY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE!"

GNNNGG...!

BY HEAVEN! CONRAD ERNST WRITING ME? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... CURIOUS!

"AND LIKE WERNER, CURIOSITY BROUGHT THROGS FROM EVERY PART OF THE CONTINENT..."

FRITZ! WELCOME TO HOTEL TARNHEIM!

IT'S BEEN YEARS, CONRAD, BUT YOU KNOW ME WELL... I COULD NEVER TURN DOWN ANYTHING FREE!



"OUTSIDE THE HOTEL, HIDEOUS FORMS HUNGRILY STUDIED EACH AND EVERY NEW ARRIVAL..."

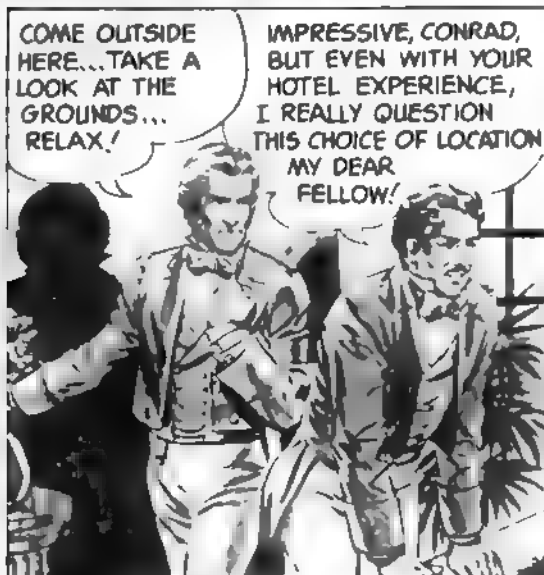
I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN AFTER OUR FOOLISH DUEL AND— YOUR ARM! LORD, CONRAD, DID MY SHOT DO—

NO, FRITZ! IT'S A FAR MORE RECENT INJURY... FORGET THE PAST, IT'S TONIGHT'S LODGING THAT I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER!



COME OUTSIDE HERE... TAKE A LOOK AT THE GROUNDS... RELAX!

IMPRESSIVE, CONRAD, BUT EVEN WITH YOUR HOTEL EXPERIENCE, I REALLY QUESTION THIS CHOICE OF LOCATION MY DEAR FELLOW!



SO OUT OF THE WAY... NATURALLY I'LL DO EVERYTHING TO RECOMMEND IT TO MY FRIENDS BUT I... UNHHHH!



"THE STILL BODY OF FRITZ WERNER WAS QUICKLY CARRIED TO A SECLUDED SECTION OF THE HOTEL'S GROUNDS, WHERE THE VAMPIRES QUICKLY GATHERED AROUND HIM! PEERING DOWN AT THE RE-AWAKENING MAN'S THROBBING THROAT, THE EVIL CONGREGATION KNEW THEIR FANGS WERE ABOUT TO TASTE OF THE PULSING LIFE BLOOD SO LONG PROMISED AND ANTICIPATED..."

NO! NO! PLEASE! AAAAAAAA!"



"WITH A SENSE OF SATISFACTION, CONRAD ERNST RETREATED TO HIS OFFICE, HE WAS KEEPING HIS TERRIBLE BARGAIN AND HAVING HIS REVENGE! BUT A FLOODTIDE OF BLOODLUST HAD BEEN OPENED AMONG THOSE UNDEAD CREATURES AND THEY STALKED THE HOTEL'S SHADOWS, PREYING ON ANY AND ALL OF THE GUESTS WHO MIGHT CHANCE UPON THEM!"



"AND WHEN AT LAST THE NIGHT BEGAN TO FADE, CONRAD WAS VISITED BY THE VAMPIRES' LEADER..."

"YOU HAVE KEPT YOUR PROMISE SO FAR, HERR ERNST. BUT WE'VE LONG BEEN WAITING AND OUR THIRST IS GREAT! WE SHALL RETURN!"



"NEWS OF STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES RACED THRU THE HOTEL AND BY LATE AFTERNOON, MANY GUESTS HAD DEPARTED. EACH FUTURE NIGHTS' BLOOD BATHS TOOK THEIR TOLL IN INSIDIOUS RUMOR AS WELL AS ACTUAL VICTIMS ... FEWER AND FEWER NEW GUESTS ARRIVED, YET STILL THE UNDEAD HORDE PURSUED THEIR SANGUINARY ORGY UNMINDFUL OF THE PAL-LOR OF TERROR THEY SPREAD UNTIL EVERY ROOM OF THE HOTEL STOOD EMPTY..."

"AND IN DESPERATION, ERNST TURN UPON HIS OWN STAFF..."

"I'VE HEARD THE RU-MORS AND OLD WIVES TALES, HERR ERNST... I WON'T QUIT IN FEAR! NATURALLY, I HOPE YOU REWARD SUCH LOYALTY WITH A PROPER INCREASE IN WAGES, SIR!"

"YOU DESERVE TO BE REWARDED FOR YOUR FINE WORK, MY FRIEND!"



"ONE BY ONE CONRAD ERNST TURNED THOSE TRUSTING ENOUGH TO STAY AND SERVE HIM OVER TO THE UNHOLY MASTERS WHOM THROUGH HIS PROMISE HE NOW SERVED!"

"DON'T FAIL US, ERNST... YOU PROMISED *ENDLESS* VICTIMS!"



"AND AS FRUITLESS TIME CREPT BY, HE REALIZED THE FULL MEANING OF *ENDLESS*..."

"THERE ARE NO MORE! NO ONE! BUT HOW MUCH LONGER WILL THOSE CREATURES WAIT? HOW CAN I PROVIDE A VIC-TIM? WHO'D COME HERE? THERE'S NO ONE TO RISK A NIGHT'S LODGING IN THIS PLACE!"



"AND THEN FROM OUTSIDE..."

"KNOCK! KNOCK!"

"AT LAST... SOMEONE!"



"BUT OPENING THE DOOR, HIS SPINE WENT TO ICE AS HE LOOKED UPON THE THIRST-CRAZED FACES... FANGS SPARKLING IN THE MOONLIGHT AS THE LIPS PARTED IN A MOCKING REQUEST..."

"A NIGHT'S LODGING!"



"B-BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU EXCEPT..."



"AND OUT OF THE DARKNESS THEY EDGED CLOSER AND CLOSER, FRITZ WERNER AND ALL THE OTHER GUEST-VICTIMS, NOW VAMPIRES THEMSELVES... AN EVER GROWING THROG STILL LUSTING FOR THAT WHICH HE'D HOPED TO KEEP FROM THEM-- *HIS BLOOD!*"

THE YOUNG TOURIST SUPPRESSED A SHIVER THAT THREATENED TO RUN RAMPANT THROUGH HIS BODY, AS THE OLD MAN PAUSED FOR AN INSTANT IN HIS GRIM TALE...

SO NOW YOU SEE WHY FEW TRAVELLERS FREQUENT TARNHEIM FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING...

IT CERTAINLY WASN'T IN THE GUIDEBOOK! BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE... AFTER ALL, YOU'RE HERE!

OF COURSE, I HAVE TO BE HERE, I'M THE OWNER!



EVEN AS THE OLD MAN SPOKE, THE TOURIST NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS TWISTED, CRIPPLED ARM... BEFORE HE COULD SCREAM OR RUN, FEARFUL SHAPES WERE LEAPING FROM THE SHADOWS...

FRANKLY, I'D JUST AS SOON LEAVE THE GUIDEBOOK ENTRY AS IT IS... OTHERWISE WE MIGHT NEVER GET PEOPLE LIKE YOU BLUNDERING IN FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING!

CHOKE!!



THE END



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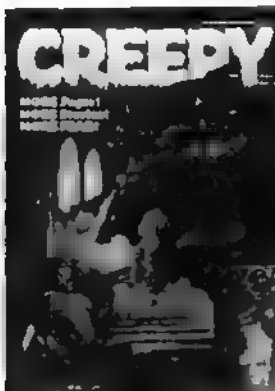
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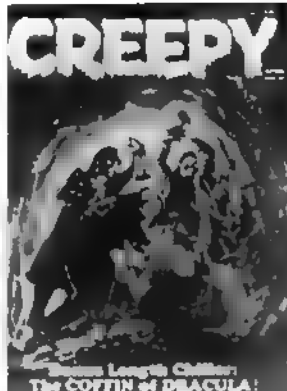
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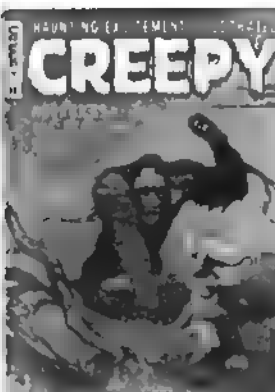
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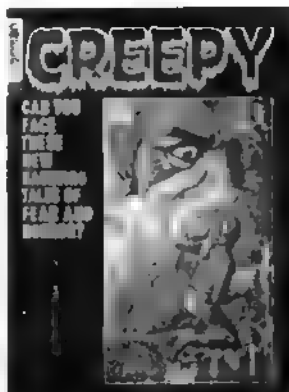
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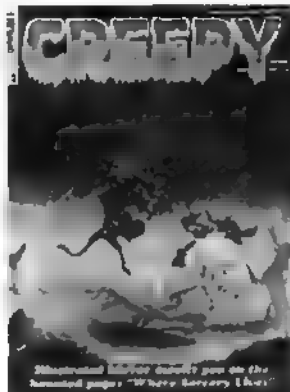
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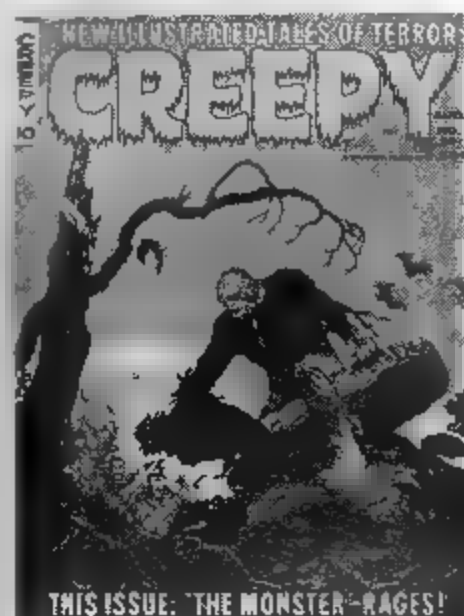
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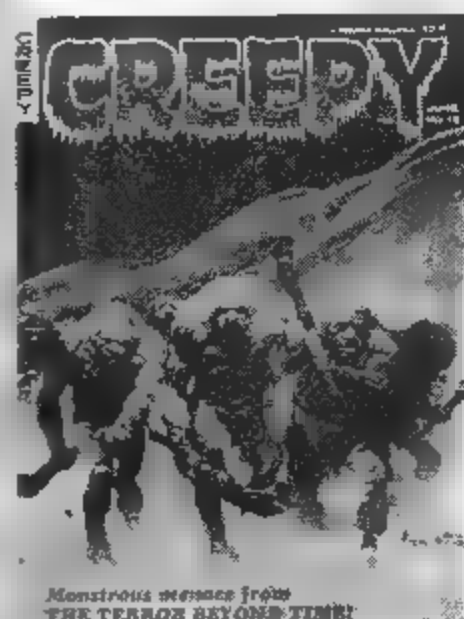
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CREEPY BACK ISSUES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS





TIME TO SPREAD YOUR WINGS (I KNOW YOU'RE BATTY ENOUGH TO HAVE THEM) AND TAKE FEARFUL FLIGHT, FIENDISH ONES, INTO THE UPPER STRATOSPHERE OF HORROR THAT IS ALL PART OF...

THE HAUNTED SKY!

ON AUGUST 16TH OF LAST YEAR, COLONEL BRYANT CLINTON, IN THE TEST FLIGHT OF THE RPX-19C AIRCRAFT, EXCEEDED ALL KNOWN RECORDS FOR MAXIMUM SPEED AND ALTITUDE. THE EVENT WAS NEVER DISCLOSED TO ANY OF THE NEWS MEDIA ...



Roger Brand



...THE REASON WHY IS REVEALED IN THIS STORY!

WHAT HAD BEEN A SLEEK, SILVER PART OF ULTIMATE TECHNOLOGY WAS NOW A SCORCHING INFERNO, LASHING OUT WITH FIERY FINGERS IN DEADLY COMBAT WITH MEN IN FIRE-FIGHTING SUITS WARRING BACK LIKE KNIGHTS IN ASBESTOS ARMOR...

DRAH 'IM OUT QUICK!
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO
HOLD OFF THESE FLAMES
MUCH LONGER!

EITHER WAY, I DON'T THINK
HE'S GOT MUCH OF A CHANCE!
CAN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW
HE MADE IT THROUGH
THE CRASH!



WE DID EVERYTHING WE
COULD. HE HASN'T VERY
LONG -- IF YOU HAVE ANY
QUESTIONS, THEY'D BEST
BE ASKED NOW!

COLONEL? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
IT'S DANBURY -- SHAW'S WITH ME.
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED! BRYANT? GOVERNMENT
MUST HAVE AN ANSWER
-- WHAT WENT ON UP THERE?



THE MANUFACTURER AND THE DESIGNER LEANED CLOSE TO
THE BED, LEANED CLOSE TO THE DYING MAN SWATHED IN
BANDAGES, PLEADINGLY SCRUTINIZING HIM AND HIS
HAUNTED, TORMENTED EYES...

IT'S VITAL TO THE PROJECT,
BRYANT, TO ALL OF OUR RE-
SEARCH -- HOW DID THE PLANE
GO WRONG? YOU HAVE TO
REMEMBER -- SURELY YOU
CAN REMEMBER?...

THINK BACK, IT'LL COME TO
YOU -- JUST THIS MORNING,
COLONEL -- YOU VOLUNTEERED
TO TAKE 'ER UP -- EVEN AFTER
HEARING ABOUT HAYES AND
THE FIRST FLIGHT --



THE EARLY MORNING SUN HAD HAD A
PLEASANT WARMTH; THE DESERT AIR HAD
BEEN CLEAN AND EXHILARATING. FLIGHT
CONDITIONS WERE PERFECT

STOP FUSSING, SHAW! I'LL
BRING YOUR PLANE BACK -- I
FLEW THROUGH WWII AND KOREA
-- IF THEY COULDN'T GET ME,
THIS HOP WON'T!

HAYES WAS YOUR FRIEND,
COLONEL, AND WE STILL DON'T
KNOW WHY HE CRASHED --
DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
WE ONLY WANT TESTS
-- NOT RECORDS -- TODAY!



RECORDS HAD ALWAYS BEEN IMPORTANT TO BRYANT CLINTON, FROM HIS FIRST MESSERSCHMIDT TO HIS LAST MIG-ROCKET. SCREAMING, THE RPX-19 KNIFED SKYWARD. THE COLONEL CARVED INTRICATE ARABESQUES ACROSS THE CLOUDS, PUTTING THE PLANE THROUGH ITS PACES, THEN JERKED BACK ON THE STICK, AND WITH A BACK-BREAKING SHUDDER, SLAMMED THE WHINING MACHINE INTO STRAIGHT ASCENT...

THAT'S ALL WE NEED, BRYANT- YOU CAN BRING 'ER DOWN!

NO! IT'S CAPABLE OF MORE... MUCH MORE! LET ME SEE WHAT IT CAN REALLY DO!

BRYANT! COLONEL CLINTON! IT'S NOT NECESSARY! IT'S WHAT HAYES TRIED! DON'T-

ALTIMETER'S GOING CRAZY! ...IT'S A RECORD! HIGHER THAN ANY PLANE BEFORE AND STILL CLIMBING!

BRYANT! DON'T- BRYANT!

GOING TO LEVEL OFF- TRY FLAT OUT FOR SPEED... KEEP TRACKING ME- GOING FASTER! FASTER!

WHILE BELOW, DANBURY AND SHAW HAD WAITED WITH SWEAT-DRENCHED, ANXIOUS FACES...

IT'S LIKE THE WORLD'S STANDING STILL! NO MAN, NO PLANE'S EVER KNOWN SUCH SPEED! I...

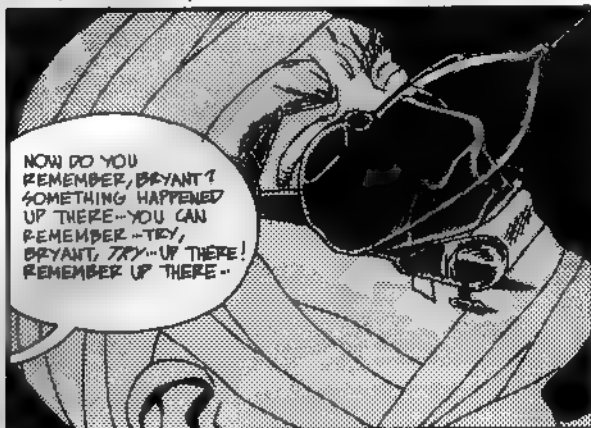
BRYANT! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

EXCEPT FOR CRACKLING STATIC ON THE LOUDSPEAKER, A DEADLY SILENCE CREEPT OVER THE ROOM, CONSUMING SECONDS, THEN MINUTES...

NOTHING! ALL CONTACT GONE! NO RADIO, NO RADAR... AS IF THAT PLANE NEVER EXISTED...

J- JUST LIKE WITH "HAYES!"

THE BANDAGED, DYING MAN STIFLED UNEASILY AT THE PROBING VOICES, ANGUISHED EYES DARTING WILDLY...



NOW DO YOU REMEMBER, BRYANT? SOMETHING HAPPENED UP THERE--YOU CAN REMEMBER--TRY, BRYANT, TRY--UP THERE! REMEMBER UP THERE--

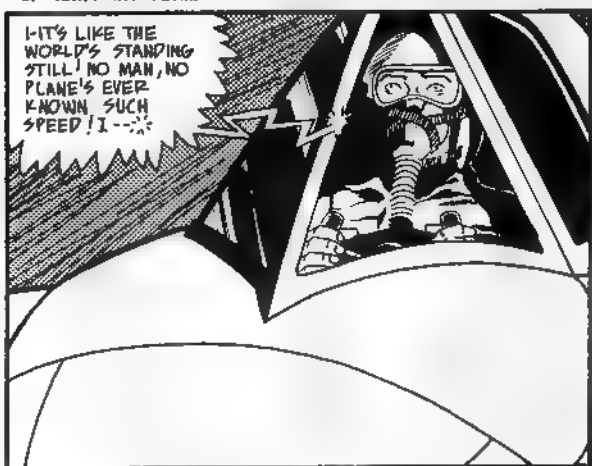
SLOWLY THE FEVERED LIPS BEGAN TO MOVE, AND A FAINT RASPING SOUND ROSE FROM THEM...



AND THEN HE SAW IT...

BRYANT! BRYANT CLINTON!!

ELATION HAD SWEEPED THROUGH CLINTON AS HE ROCKETED ALONG THE UPPER REACHES OF THE SKY, LOST IN THE SPEED AND THE ALTITUDE. IT WAS AS IF ALL TIME, ALL MOTION HAD CEASED. THE UNIVERSE WAS A STILL BLUE HAZE CIRCLING HIS PLANE...



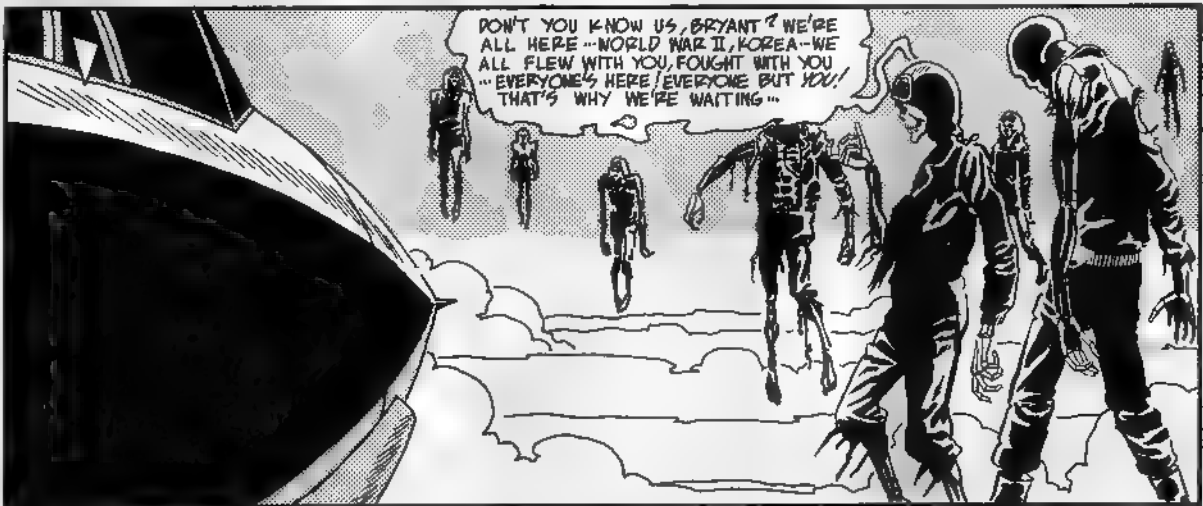
I--IT'S LIKE THE WORLD'S STANDING STILL! NO MAN, NO PLANE'S EVER KNOWN SUCH SPEED! I--!!



I--IT CAN'T BE... IT CAN'T BE!

ARE YOU SO SURPRISED, BRYANT? DIDN'T YOU KNOW WE'D BEEN WAITING... WAITING FOR YOU?!

THE DEEP RASPING RATTLE OF A VOICE SETTLED ON BRYANT LIKE A CHILL BREEZE. HIS EYES CLENCHED OPEN AND SHUT, STRAINING TO MAKE THE IMPOSSIBLE IMAGES DISAPPEAR. HIS THROAT, DRY AND TIGHT, TRIED TO SUMMON A SCREAM, ONLY TO PRESENT A LOW PITIFUL MOAN...



DON'T YOU KNOW US, BRYANT? WE'RE ALL HERE--WORLD WAR II, KOREA--WE ALL FLEW WITH YOU, FOUGHT WITH YOU--EVERYONE'S HERE! EVERYONE BUT YOU! THAT'S WHY WE'RE WAITING...

NOTHING WOULD MAKE THE GHASTLY FORMS FADE. THEY WERE SOLID, DISTINCT, COMING CLOSER...



THE FLAT, HOLLOW VOICES WEAVED AROUND HIM, MAKING HIM PART OF A TERRIBLE TAPESTRY, DRAWING HIM TOWARD HIM...

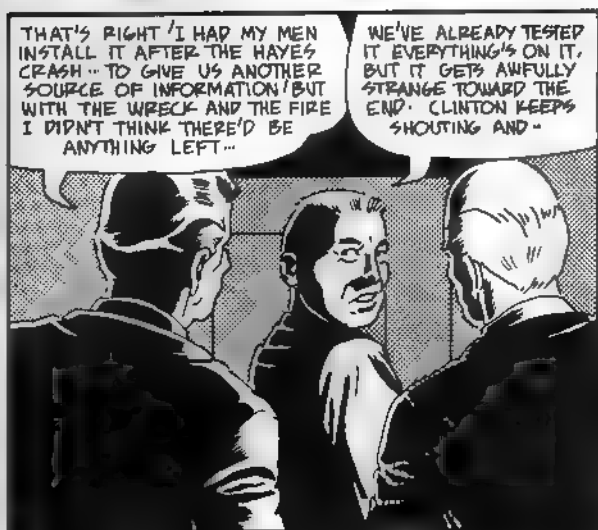
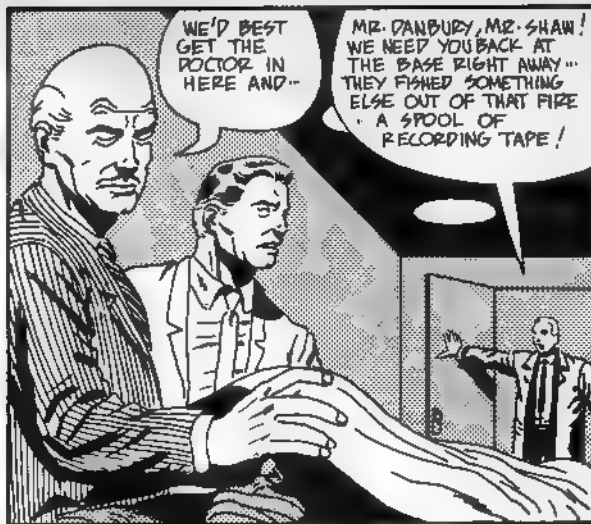
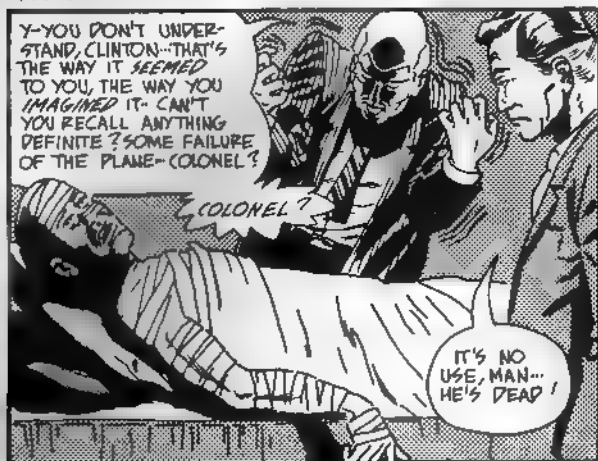


THE FACES CAME CLOSER, THE VOICES GREW LOUDER-- HIS HANDS TIGHTENED ON THE CONTROLS. HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING, HAD TO ACT SOON...



AND EVEN AS HE DID IT, HE SUDDENLY REALIZED IT WAS EXACTLY WHAT THEY HAD WANTED!

BRYANT CLINTON'S VOICE FADED TO A BRIEF GASP. THE HOSPITAL ROOM WAS PAINFULLY QUIET. THEN, DANBURY SPOKE.



ON AUGUST 17TH OF LAST YEAR, DANBURY AVIATION DISCONTINUED THE RPX-14 PROJECT NO SIMILAR PROGRAMS HAVE BEEN PLANNED BY THEM AT THIS WRITING!

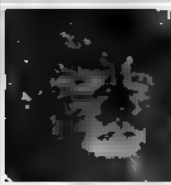
I SUPPOSE NOW CLINTON IS UP THERE WAITING AROUND WITH HIS WAR TIME BUDDIES... SO IF YOU'RE PLANNING ON DOING ANY HIGH FLYING, FIENDIES, PICK YOUR PIECE OF SKY CAREFULLY!





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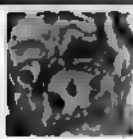
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I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

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THE MUMMY'S TOMB

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Edgar Allan Poe's TELL TALE HEART

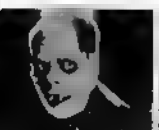
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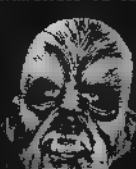
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THE
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THE
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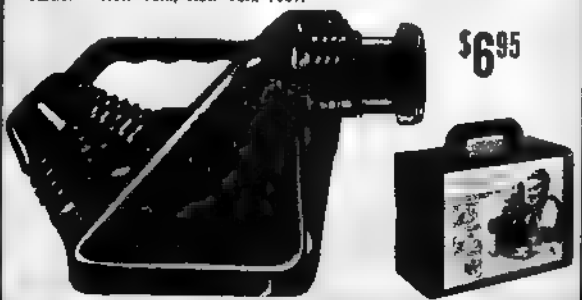
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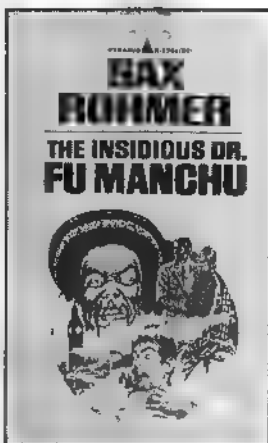
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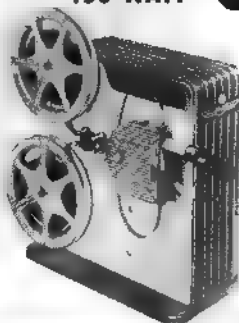
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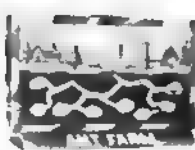
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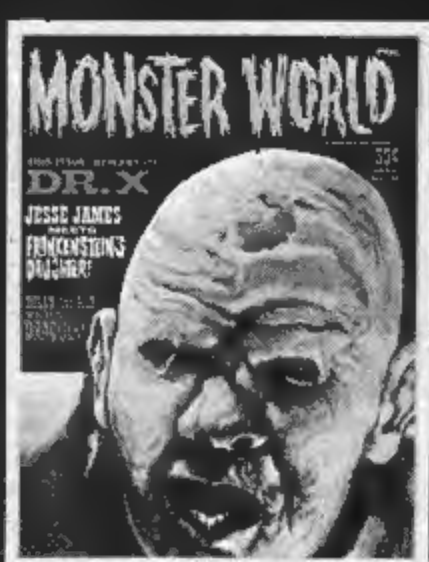
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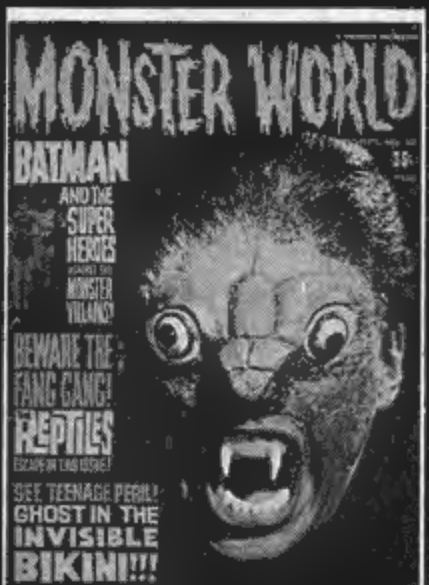
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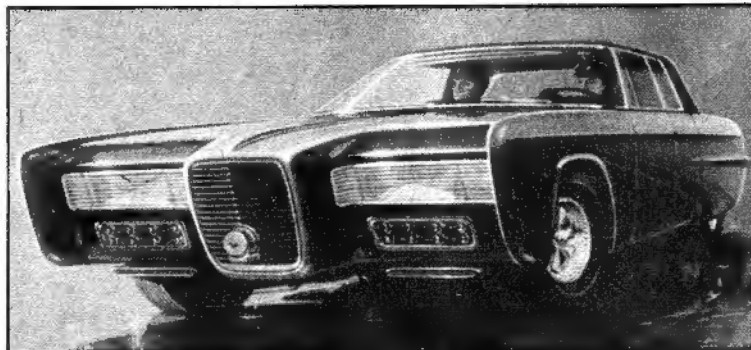
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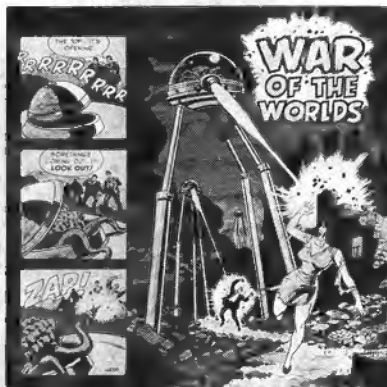
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